

JANUARY 6, 1900.

The Academy



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IV.—FIVE GUINEAS for the best original "Things Seen," in the manner of those published in the ACADEMY during the past year. Not to exceed 350 words.

V.—FIVE GUINEAS for the best original paper on a British or foreign city, town, or village. It should take the form of a personal, impressionistic description, and must not exceed 2,000 words in length.

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- I.—"Poetry Competition."
- II.—"Story Competition."
- III.—"Essay Competition."
- IV.—"Things Seen Competition."
- V.—"Foreign Town Competition."
- VI.—"Novelist Competition."

A pseudonym, chosen by the competitor, must be written on the left-hand top corner of the first page of his or her MS., and each MS. must be accompanied by a small closed envelope containing the competitor's name and address, with the pseudonym written on the outside of such small closed envelope.

Anybody is eligible to compete; but competing MSS. must not have been printed before, either for public or private circulation.

A competitor may compete for as many of the competitions as he or she chooses.

As MSS. are received they will be acknowledged under the competitor's pseudonym in the next issue of the ACADEMY.

The prize MSS. will be printed in the ACADEMY; and the Editor reserves the right to print any of the other MSS. sent in.

No MS. will be returned unless it be accompanied by an envelope stamped and addressed.

Competitors who do not comply with the above conditions will be disqualified.

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The success of *The Standard's* issue of THE LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE has been the distinguishing feature of the year in books. Of such a work, indeed, much might naturally have been expected. Under the general editorial supervision of Dr. Garnett, C.B., and representing the collaboration of many of the most distinguished living men of letters, this remarkable attempt to compact the best of the World's literature into twenty handy and convenient volumes could not have resulted otherwise than in a most notable book. The astonishing number of advance subscriptions which have been received under the special offer made by *The Standard* revealed that it was a timely work as well. The more than 5,500 advance subscriptions represent a total of more than

110,000 large royal octavo volumes. It is certain that such an advance sale was never before known in England. *The Standard* can offer but 10,000 sets of The Library upon the present prices and terms. This means that less than 4,500 sets now remain, and in view of the heavy bookings of the last two weeks, it is clear that the entire number will be taken before another month is out. Readers of *The Academy*, therefore, who wish to take advantage of the present opportunity should send in their orders at once, accompanied either by cheque in full, or a preliminary payment of 10s. 6d. Meanwhile, intending subscribers will read with interest a few letters selected from the mail of the past few days.

WHAT SOME EARLY SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

Nothing but Praise.

Bank Hall, Burnley, Lancashire, Dec. 18th, 1899.
I have received the twenty volumes of the "International Library of Famous Literature." For the type, illustrations, and binding there can be nothing but praise—they are all one can wish. The chief value of the new issue to one who already possesses a fair library seems to me to be in the variety and clever selection of the library fare. One reads a specimen of some hitherto neglected author with an admiration that prompts one to further study his work and style. Without such an introduction (so to speak) the acquaintance would never have been made.
J. O. S. THURSBY.

Its Comprehensive Range.

The House, Manchester, Dec. 18, 1899.
"The Library of Famous Literature" fulfils my most sanguine anticipations. In some directions I regard it as superior even to Mr. Charles D. Warner's splendid collection of masterpieces, and I observe throughout its volumes many signs of Dr. Garnett's unrivalled erudition and fine discrimination. I am especially impressed with the comprehensive range of the work. It contains many lesser literary stars too generally neglected, such as Jones Very, Miss Guiney, Runeberg, and that wonderful Hindoo poetess Toru Dutt.
REV. WILLIAM A. SIM.

No Better Reading for the Young.

Parkhill House, Ewell, Epsom, Dec. 16, 1899.
On opening my volumes of the "Library of Famous Literature," I was extremely pleased and gratified at the sight of the handsome books, the beautiful paper, illustrations, fine type, and very handsome binding. The subject matter being the chief thing, however, I can only say I should like to stake by the hand all those eminent men who—making it a labour of love—have succeeded in selecting choice gems from real literature since thinking and writing began.
To that parent who can afford it, what greater pleasure could be given than by presenting the set of books to a lad, telling him at the same time that, wherever he opens a volume, or whatever piece he reads, he may be assured he is reading choice matter and style that has stood the test of time or severe criticism, and to the originals of which he may care to go in after life.

A compilation such as this may also create a love of beautiful thought and expression, and at the same time counteract the reading of the crude and wretched stuff that is read by the majority now, I fear.
FRANK MARSHALL.

Of Wonderful Value.

Royston, Haseocks, Sussex, Dec. 13, 1899.
I am highly delighted with my books, which are undoubtedly of wonderful value. The immense variety of the contents, and the opportunity afforded of a glimpse of American and foreign literature, which the ordinary English reader would probably never obtain otherwise, are among the most striking features of the work to me. I am neither a bookworm nor a literary individual in any respect, but merely one of the ordinarily educated British public, and feel sure that others like me must take great enjoyment out of these books, and will never repent of their bargain if they get them.
W. F. JAMESON, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

An Aid to Literary Culture.

Minster National School, North Ramsgate.
I am delighted with the "Library of Famous Literature." It is just the kind of work that has long been wanted by persons possessing some literary culture, whose time is limited, and whose purses are light. The type is beautifully clear and soft to the eyes.
MONTAGUE HODGES.

Charmed with the Illustrations.

United College, Bradford, Dec. 18, 1899.
I expected great things of the "Library of Famous Literature," but the reality more than realises my expectations. I am particularly charmed with the illustrations. The Library will prove of immense value to those who do not enjoy the privilege of a large private library.
G. KYDD CUTHBERT.

Prefers the Half-Persian Calif.

Exmouth, Dec. 16, 1899.
My first intention was to purchase the "Library of Famous Literature" in its cheapest binding, but now I have the books, and am able to appreciate their special and peculiar value. I congratulate myself on possessing the work in durable and handsome half-Persian calf.
C. G. BAKER.

Far and Beyond my Expectations.

Hope Villa, Station Road, Portlady-by-Sea, Dec. 23.
I have received the volumes of "Library of Famous Literature," and am very pleased with them. I have from the published announcements anticipated something good. The result is far beyond my expectations.
R. B. Y. POWELL.

The Finest Anthology in Existence.

Junior Reform Club, Liverpool.
I have received the "International Library," and am very much pleased with it. The range is great, and being spread over many centuries and countries, brings to us messages from the wise and great of remote ages and of far-distant climes. The "International Library" is, in my opinion, the finest anthology in existence.

In my youth I was familiar with Charles Knight's "Half Hours with the Best Authors." I trust that I may not be considered ungrateful to Knight when I say that his anthology was solemn, stodgy and dull. Afterwards I bought "Illustrated Readings," edited by Tom Hood (Secundus), and published by Cassell & Co., in the late sixties. This was a most helpful and interesting work, in two volumes, and it put me on the track of some really good literature. Then I became the possessor of the "Casquet of Literature" in six volumes. This was also a most excellent work, and, indeed, has not been eclipsed, except by the "International Library."

The General Index at the end of your twentieth volume is exceedingly useful. The books are handsomely bound, the paper and type clear and beautiful, and the price is very low. The reading public ought to be very grateful to Dr. Garnett and his colleagues.
THOMAS WHITE.

Will Prove Invaluable.

Iveraldmond, Crammond, Dec. 20.
I have looked over several of the volumes of the "Library of Famous Literature," and am more than pleased with them. I feel certain that to men who have little spare time for reading they will prove invaluable.
GEORGE D. MACKAY.

A Good Companion for a Leisure Hour.

175 and 108, Strand, London, W.C., Dec. 10.
Apart from its great value as a record of the literature of the world, it will certainly be a good companion for a leisure hour, more particularly because the examples of the various Authors' works selected are in themselves so very complete.
WALTER EMDEN.

Fully Satisfied with the Library.

2, Rosenthorpe Road, Nunhead, Dec. 19.
We are fully satisfied with them, although our expectations were very high. Thank you very much.
JOHN J. THOMPSON.

THE SPECIAL BOOKCASE.

For the convenience of subscribers to the "Library of Famous Literature," and in response to many inquiries, "The Standard" has made arrangements to purchase, at a wholesale price, several thousand bookcases, specially made to contain the twenty volumes of the "Library." The bookcase will be twenty inches in width and about three feet in height, the twenty volumes of the Library being disposed on two shelves, the lower one raised about eight inches from the floor.

The bookcase will be sent to the subscriber flat, and can be put together in five minutes. Under this arrangement the cost of carriage is reduced to a minimum. By the purchase of several thousand of these bookcases in bulk, "The Standard" is enabled to offer them, to subscribers to the Library only, at the very low price of 18s. 6d., carriage to be paid by the purchaser. Subscribers on the monthly payment plan, who desire to pay for the bookcase when their payments for the Library are completed, may make arrangements to that effect by writing to "The Standard." As the number of bookcases is limited, application should be made at once, with cheque enclosed.

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No. 1444. Established 1869.

6 January, 1900.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE scheme for a Pension Fund for Authors put forth this week by the Society of Authors presents noble outlines. The proposed fund is intended to supplement the operations of the Royal Literary Fund, which grants only donations, and the Civil List pensions, which amount to only £400 a year and are still somewhat capriciously granted. The first thing to be noted about the Society of Authors' project is that it aims to establish a pension fund for authors, to be supported by authors themselves, not by appeals to the public. Other points are these:

The fund will be utilised for pensions only.

The pensions given will not be less than £30 or more than £100 per annum.

Candidates for pensions must have attained the age of sixty years.

For other details of this admirable scheme we refer our readers to the January number of the *Author*.

MEANWHILE, the support of authors is asked for, and the following subscriptions have been already promised:

Mr. George Meredith (President of the Society)...	£100
Mr. J. M. Barrie (if nine others subscribe the same amount)	100
Mr. A. W. à Beckett (per annum)	5
Sir Walter Besant	100
The Rev. T. G. Bonney (for present year, and continue same as long as existing circumstances also continue)	5
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Mr. J. Scott Keltie (per annum for five years) ...	5
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Mr. Gilbert Parker	100
Mrs. Humphry Ward (per annum)	10

IBSEN's new play, "When We who are Dead, Awaken," will be shortly issued in ten different languages. Meanwhile the *Daily News* explains that the play opens in the grounds of a sanatorium in the north of Norway. Prof. Rubek and his wife (Fru Maia) are discovered talking. They have been married five years, and the conversation discloses that they have grown tired of each other. He is elderly and distinguished: she young and lively. She complains that he has not fulfilled his promise "to take her with him up a high mountain and show her all the world's grandeur." To them enter a third character (there are only four in the play), a hunter of "eagles, wolves, women, elks, and reindeer." To him the professor's wife falls a prey. They go hunting together, which gives the professor an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with a lady who has been haunting the hotel grounds. That is the bare outline of the plot.

IN opening the new Free Library at Acton, on Wednesday, Mr. Choate, in a delightful speech, explained to his hearers how "travelling libraries" are worked in America. These libraries, each consisting of one hundred books, are sent round to outlying villages and into remote districts where stationary libraries do not exist. Mr. Choate added that he did not know whether any parts of Great Britain were so remote as to need such an institution, but he commended the utility of the system. Undoubtedly there are remote parts in England (some within thirty miles of London) which need the travelling library. What is more, some get it. Travelling libraries for English villages were organised six years ago by Mr. Stead, and have been made successful and self-supporting. Nor did Mr. Stead claim originality for his idea. Such libraries had already an existence in Hampshire and Yorkshire.

ARE WE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

Oh, ask me not, one thing is plain:

To-day I see the sun,

But on my tomb will beat the rain

When men count Twenty-one!

MR. BERNARD SHAW sends us this genial remonstrance *apropos* the spelling of a certain name in his article, on page 16: "Why am I denied by the ACADEMY the common English right to spell Shakespear's name as I please? I refrain from striking out the final *e* so tyrannically forced on me in the proof because I shrink from giving trouble. But I protest all the same. The whole character of a man is in the way he spells Shakespear."

As to the merits of the play which amazed and delighted Sussex last week we must be silent. Nor are we allowed to mention the actors and actresses by name or to criticise their performance. But we have permission to print a facsimile of the first page of the programme, giving the title of the play and the names of the authors. It was called

THE GHOST.

Written by

MR. HENRY JAMES, MR. ROBERT BARR,

MR. GEORGE GISSING, MR. RIDER HAGGARD,

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD, MR. H. B. MARRIOTT-

WATSON, MR. H. G. WELLS, MR. EDWIN PUGH,

MR. A. E. W. MASON AND

MR. STEPHEN CRANE.

The play was in two acts: "I. Empty Room in Brede Place"; "II. Same as Before." The text of "The Ghost" will never be printed.

Mrs. M. L. GWYNN's Birthday Book, just published by Messrs. Methuen, unfortunately does not appear to be free from error. Last week we quoted four lines from Chaucer that Mrs. Gwynn has printed upon her title-page. The quotation, which our printer copied exactly as it is printed in the Birthday Book, has drawn the following remonstrance from Prof. Skeat:

"May I be allowed to draw attention to a quotation from Chaucer given in the ACADEMY, December 30, 1899, at p. 760? It appeared in the following form, as a quotation from some compilation:

Out of the oldē feldes, as men sayeth,
Cometh all this new corne from yere to yere;
And out of oldē bookes, in good faithē,
Cometh all this new science that men lere.

It seems piteous that such fine lines should be so surprisingly misspelt. It would seem that Middle English is an unknown language; no one would dream of treating Latin or Greek or German after this sort. It is marvellous, moreover, how anyone could imagine that such lines can scan. The utterly shocking errors, ruining the metre, occur in the use of 'new' for the dissyllabic *newe*; 'corne' for the monosyllabic *corn*; 'yere' for the monosyllabic *yeer* in the former of the two instances; 'faithē' for the monosyllabic *faith* (better *feith*); and again, the form 'new' for *newe*, in the last line. Besides these, 'feldes' should be *felde*, and 'sayeth' should be *seith*. And it must be borne in mind that 'Cometh' represents *Com'eth*, a monosyllable. One thing to which Englishmen look forward with longing hope is the advent of a time when Middle English spelling shall be understood and duly respected."

We must say that we sympathise with Mrs. Gwynn. Her Birthday-Book, which is by far the handsomest that we have seen, would not, we imagine, have been sent by any editor to Prof. Skeat for review. But because we used her Chaucerian motto to adorn a blank space, and because the text of that motto is not a good text, Mrs. Gwynn comes under the displeasure of the greatest living authority on Chaucer. The moral seems to be that compilers of Birthday Books should look to their Middle English.

It is a convenient provision of Nature that a hen, when she has laid an egg, clucks—thereby informing the world that she has laid an egg. A disposition to cluck, or, to use his own phrase, "advertise a little," would, in Mr. G. S. Street's opinion, add to the usefulness of the Historical MSS. Commission. Mr. Street has reason to feel a little sore about the Commission's humility. A while ago he read with some excitement a paragraph announcing that a large number of George Selwyn's Letters to the fifth Earl of Carlisle had been discovered at Castle Howard and would shortly be published. Mr. Street, being an authority on Selwyn, wrote in haste to the publisher for an advance copy of this book. He got it, and he tells his readers in the January *Blackwood*: "I was congratulating myself on the business-like promptitude with which my inevitable article would appear, when lo! I heard that these new letters and many others besides had been published by the Historical MSS. Commission more than a year ago." A splendid egg had been laid by the Commission and Mr. Street had not heard of it.

THE suggestion Mr. Street now makes, that the Historical MSS. Commission should issue its publications in a less official-looking form, in volumes easier to handle, and printed on better paper, that it should advertise, and send out paragraphs to "impenetrable editors," is doubtless only a part of his fun. Let the Commission do this, and we foresee a demand for illustrations and fancy bindings and gay prefaces. Moreover, the vigilant expert

would then have no chance. Mr. Street overlooked a prize for a year, but, after all, he received his advance copy of Mr. Roscoe's and Miss Clergue's book, and is first in the field (the magazine field) with his criticism.

THE scruples which sensitive people felt in reading the Browning love letters have not been so acute in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters. Yet the two publications must finally be cited together—doubtless along with others—in determining the rights of the dead and the duties of biographers. The world was glad—more than glad—to have these books. But we are not wholly out of sympathy with the writer in *Macmillan* who questions whether Stevenson's letters have not been too hastily and prodigally given to the world. Such misgivings are not inconsistent with a keen enjoyment of the gift, and a willingness to use it when given. As the writer points out, Stevenson has been dead only five years, and "he did not write those letters for the eye of whomsoever chooses to buy the book." At all events a new tradition has been started under which the dead are likely to be treated with as much freedom by biographers as the living already are by the gossipers of the press. The disturbing question is, Where will it end?

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN's onslaught on Mr. Kipling in the December number of the *Contemporary Review* has brought forth a reply, in the same quarter, from Sir Walter Besant. Mr. Buchanan, it will be remembered, suggested that Mr. Kipling was a literary hooligan, who is leading this generation away from the humanitarian teaching of forty years ago. The term "hooligan" was most offensive, and we are not surprised that Sir Walter Besant's knightly solicitude for the dignity of literature has been stirred to its depths. His reply to Mr. Buchanan takes the form of a confession of his own love for the writings of Mr. Kipling, in whom he sees a fine "enthusiasm for humanity."

Always, in every character, he presents a man: not an actor: a man with the passions, emotions, weaknesses and instincts of humanity. It is perhaps one of the Soldiers Three: or it is the Man who went into the mountains because he would be a King: or the man who sat in the lonely lighthouse till he saw streaks: always the real man whom the reader sees beneath the uniform and behind the drink and the blackguardism. It is the humanity in the writer which makes his voice tremulous at times with unspoken pity and silent sympathy: it is the tremor of his voice which touches the heart of his audience.

OF course neither Mr. Buchanan's attack nor Sir Walter Besant's defence belong to the domain of cool literary criticism. Indeed, it seems to us that Sir Walter misunderstands the case when he treats it as an abhorrent attack of one author on another author. At bottom the quarrel is political rather than literary. Mr. Buchanan sees in Mr. Kipling a misleader of the nation, and in that character he attacks him with the rancour and fury which are still not wholly banished from political controversy. No doubt the literary element is bound up with the social. Still, Mr. Buchanan did not storm and rage on a question of style, or a school of fiction, or a point of academics; he made it a question of social politics and of religion—subjects on which strong feeling is natural. Mr. Buchanan may be wrong, but we have no doubt that he is sincere, and we are sure that he is courageous.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has addressed a letter to the *Westminster Gazette* denying that Mr. Hector Macpherson's forthcoming monograph on himself has passed under his eye. Mr. Spencer writes:

In one of your issues last week was a paragraph referring to a preceding statement which had been made concerning Mr. Hector Macpherson's monograph on my

works. Apparently the statement was that I had seen all the sheets of Mr. Macpherson's work before they went to press, and in the paragraph named it was said that this statement was incorrect. The rectification is an inadequate one. Incorrect may mean partially true but not wholly true—may mean that I have seen some proofs but not all. Instead of being called incorrect the statement should have been called entirely false. I have not seen, and I have declined to see, a single page of Mr. Macpherson's work in proof, in MS., or in any other shape.

A FEW years ago dialogue, as a literary form, became distinctly popular, and one reputation at least was founded on its practice. It was a fleeting fashion; but fashions travel, and the present home of Dialogue appears to be—Natal! A young British officer was endeavouring, a few weeks ago, to signal from General Buller's camp to Ladysmith, but he soon found that his messages were being read and answered by Boers. Thereupon the following conversation took place:

NATAL. Who are you?

BOERS. The Royal Irish Fusiliers.

N. What is the Number of your regiment?

B. I am Corporal Stevens, 18th Hussars.

N. What are you doing?

B. Ladysmith was taken last night; I escaped.

N. You are Boers, aren't you?

B. Yes, and you're English. Where is Buller?

N. I don't know. Where is Joubert?

B. He has gone to Pretoria with General White as prisoner.

N. How is old Kruger?

B. All right, thank you.

N. Why won't you wait for us? We have plenty of cold steel for you, and our 100 rounds are getting rather heavy. God help you if you do.

B. Yes, He is sure to.

"A smart dialogue with a grim ending" says a contemporary. A grim dialogue with a smart ending would also describe it. Smart, however, is too poor a word to apply to the final Boer repartee, and it must be confessed that the dialogue is marred by the British officer's explicit bellicoseness: but what a document!

A CURIOUS index to popular reading-taste in America is found in the May-to-December *Cumulative Book Index*, containing a classified list of American books published in that interval. From this it appears that the three writers most in vogue among readers and critics—as judged by mere number of publications—are

1. Kipling.
2. Shakespeare.
3. Omar Khayyám.

It is also gravely stated that though "it is manifestly unfair to Kipling to compare such a collection of authors as the Bible with him alone, yet the entries under 'Bible' are scarcely a third more in number." We infer that even here Mr. Kipling is "creeping up."

THE six "best selling" books in the States and Canada during December are named in the order of demand by the *American Bookman*:

Janice Meredith. By Leicester Ford.

Richard Curvel. By Winston Churchill.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott.

Via Crucis. By Marion Crawford.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne.

Of these books, three—Nos. 2, 3, and 4—survive from the *Bookman's* September list. It is stated that Mr. E. Caskoden's novel, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, is in its 150th thousand. This is another illustration of the fact that whereas the large sale of a book in England is generally accompanied by a large sale in America, the

converse is not always experienced. *Quo Vadis*, *David Harum*, and *When Knighthood was in Flower* have "boomed" in America; they have not "boomed" here.

"A GALLUS periodical" was the term applied recently by *Harper's Weekly* to our own quarterly *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Thereupon one of its readers applied for a definition of "gallus." Gallus is but old gallows writ decent, and it means "reckless, dashing, showy." Promoted from the hangman's vocabulary, it is still no better than slang. The *Weekly* quotes this snatch of an old song:

He was a gallus boy, boys, and he was mighty fine,

And he used to drive a mule team on the Denver City line.

The *Weekly* further expounds the word by saying: "If we should speak of District-Attorney Asa Bird Gardiner as a gallus jurist it would probably be an appropriate use of the word." And now we expect a letter asking us: "Who is District-Attorney Asa Bird Gardiner?"

MR. WALTER H. PAGE, formerly editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has become a partner in the S. S. McClure Company of New York, and will devote himself to the literary work of the firm. Mr. J. L. Thompson, Mr. Henry W. Lanier (son of the late Sidney Lanier), and Mr. S. A. Everitt, will all be admitted into partnership. Mr. James MacArthur, formerly editor of the *Bookman*, will represent the house in London. The name of the company, it is expected, will be changed eventually to Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE first number of the *International Monthly*, issued by the Macmillan Co., of New York, contains five articles, the place of honour being given to Mr. Edouard Rod, who writes on "Later Evolutions of French Criticism." In size the magazine is somewhat smaller than the *Nineteenth Century*, and the price is 25 cents. The editor is Mr. F. A. Richardson, of Vermont, who is assisted by an Advisory Board "composed of one person in America, representing each of the twelve departments of contemporary thought with which the magazine deals, who has to co-operate and associate with him one person residing in France, one in England, and one in Germany." The *International Monthly* will not languish for lack of advice.

THE new and enlarged series of *Punch*, with its extra pages, its story by Mr. Conan Doyle, its full-page pictures, its clean type and good paper, makes an attractive miscellany. All the contributions are now signed with initials, even down to a brief notice of a reference book which is signed by Mr. Lucy. Mr. Seaman contributes some capital parodies. But the supply of "fill column jokes" must have run very short when Mr. *Punch* was obliged to use this "Sad Case": "An eminent literary man, who for many years had invariably used quills, found himself without a single one; and so, in order to gain his livelihood by the sale of various articles, he was reduced to steel pens!?"

A *Church Gazette* interviewer has been talking to Mr. Wilson Barrett about the effect of the "Sign of the Cross" on its audiences. Said the interviewer:

"Rumours reached the outer world on the first presentation of wonderful 'conversions' wrought by its means. Do the 'conversions' still continue?"

"Yes, Letters still keep pouring in upon us. Only a few days ago we had a letter from a distinguished Parsee telling us that the 'Sign of the Cross' had given him quite a different conception of Christianity from the one he used to have. A clergyman, after telling us that he had never seen such a play in his life, winds up by saying: 'I have been preaching for twenty years, but I never preached such a sermon as you did to us the night before.'"

The replies of the distinguished Parsee and the clergyman

were certainly guarded. This evangelical play-acting reminds us of Defoe's satire on an alliance between Church and Stage in his day: "Peggy Hughes sings, Monsieur Ramadon plays, Miss Santlow dances, Monsieur Cherrier teaches, and all for the Church! Here's heavenly doings! Here's harmony! Your singing Psalms is hurdy-gurdy to this Music; and all your preaching-Actors are Fools to these."

Heads and Hands is the title of a new illustrated art magazine, to be published monthly at the price of sixpence. The scheme the editor proposes is ambitious.

To the January number of the *North American Review* Mr. Henry James will contribute an article on the Letters of R. L. Stevenson, and Mr. Edmund Gosse a character study of Sir Redvers Buller.

ON Saturday evening a dinner was given to Mr. Hugh Chisholm, on the occasion of his retirement from the editorship of the *St. James's Gazette*. A large number of Mr. Chisholm's friends and well-wishers were present, including seven editors, three artists, two publishers, and the staff of the *St. James's Gazette*. The chair was taken by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and the vice-chair by Mr. Theodore A. Cook, the new editor of the *St. James's*, who has the distinction of being the only editor who has rowed for his University in an Oxford and Cambridge boat-race.

THE sixty-first anniversary festival of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution will take place at the Whitehall Rooms, on May 22. Mr. C. Arthur Pearson will preside.

Bibliographical.

PERHAPS the most notable of the "new departures" made by Mr. Punch this week is the initialling of most of the matter he prints. I think this a good move, because I believe it will attract to the "Fleet-street jester" a good deal of talent which hitherto, probably, has been withheld from him. Mr. Punch has never been unwilling—at any rate, of late years—to let his young men reveal their identity and proclaim their work; witness, for example, Mr. Warham St. Leger's *Ballads from "Punch,"* issued in 1890; *Mr. Punch's Music Hall Songs and Dramas*, by Mr. Anstey (1892); *Mr. Punch's Prize Novels*, by Mr. Lehmann (1892 also), and so forth. Several other living writers, notably Mr. Seaman, have been allowed to identify themselves publicly with their contributions to *Punch*. In the same way with the pictorial artists. We had Mr. Reed's *Prehistoric Peeps* in book form in 1896, and Mr. Phil May's *Songs and their Singers* in 1898. On the volumes of cartoons by Tenniel and sketches by Du Maurier—to go no further back—I need not dwell. In truth, Mr. Punch has for some time been accumulating rapidly the material for an inevitable Bibliography.

For reasons of my own, I have not yet read any of the "notices" of Mr. Phillips's *Paola and Francesca*, and I do not know, therefore, whether any comparison has been instituted between it and Leigh Hunt's rhymed narrative on the same subject, published in 1816 under the title of *The Story of Rimini*. As a matter of fact, no comparison is possible, for Hunt's "poem" is written in the so-called easy, but actually slipshod, fashion which that well-meaning bard affected in such cases. *The Story of Rimini* is well known to all literary students; it is not so familiar a fact

that a play on the subject of the famous love-story was written by the American G. H. Boker, and duly included in a volume of his *Plays and Poems* published in 1856. Moreover, *Francesca di Rimini*, as Boker called his work, was duly enacted in America in 1857, and revived there in 1882 and 1883. I have not read Boker's play, but it would be interesting to compare it with Mr. Phillips's, which, I feel sure, need not shrink from the comparison.

Says a correspondent, writing from Edgbaston, Birmingham: "On page 199 of Stevenson's *Letters*, Vol. I., reference is made to Penn's *Fruits of Solitude*. Stevenson sends a copy to Mr. H. F. Brown, with this remark: 'If ever in all my "human conduct" I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another.' Can you tell me, through your Bibliographical page, if this book has been reprinted here? If not, can you get a publisher to take the hint?" To this I may reply, that Penn's *Fruits of Solitude in Reflections and Maxims* has been published more than once in England. The latest edition I can trace was one issued by Messrs. J. Clarke & Co. in 1886, at the small price of one shilling. Whether this, or the previous edition by Messrs. Groombridge (1881), is still in print I cannot say. Should the book really be out of print, it would be worth somebody's while, I think, to resuscitate it.

By way of supplement to what I wrote last week about a new and revised edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, I may remind those of my contemporaries who have suggested a one-volume *Selection* from those poems, that such an anthology is already in existence—that which was published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in 1887. I have some ground for thinking that this selection was made by the poet himself, or, at any rate, approved by him. To me—and, I should think, to most of his admirers—it was anything but an adequate work. Selections from a man's poetry should not be made by the man himself; he will choose according to personal preference, not according to the varied character of his output. Were I Messrs. Chatto & Windus I should try to get Mr. Swinburne's consent to the publication of an anthology of his verse, put together by an independent authority. Such a volume, really well done—with an eye to the tastes and distastes of the general public—would have been, and would still be, I believe, a popular success.

The first biographer of Lord Beaconsfield (if I remember rightly) was Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who published his somewhat personal attack on the unfortunate statesman (if my memory serves me) during his subject's lifetime. Then there was that portentously dull *Public Life* of Beaconsfield by Mr. Francis Hitchman, a sort of antidote to which (one may say) was produced by Mr. P. W. Clayden under the title of *England under Beaconsfield*. In 1881 came a little *Life* by Edward Walford, and the critical *Study* by George Brandes. After that, the topic lapsed till 1888, when Mr. T. E. Kebbel issued a sympathetic monograph on the Tory leader. Two years later came the admirably-written, but nevertheless unsatisfactory, memoir by J. A. Froude. Now we are told to expect in a few days yet another memoir, from the pen of Mr. Harold Gorst. For my part, I think the best account of Disraeli is that which he gave of himself in his *Home Letters* and *Letters to his Sister*, covering the ground between 1830 and 1852.

We are promised a collection of literary extracts, advocating toleration in religious matters, to which the compiler has given the title of *The Wider View*. It is not a bad title, and is certainly none the worse for recalling that of a little book written by Dr. Samuel Cox and published in 1883—*The Larger Hope*. This was a sequel to *Salvator Mundi*, by the same author, both being written in the interests of what was then called "Universalism."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Glory that was Rome.

The Letters of Cicero. Translated into English by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A. 4 vols. Vols. I. and II. (George Bell & Sons.)

MR. SHUCKBURGH has done a great service in giving to English readers the wholly admirable translation of Cicero's Letters, of which the first two volumes are now before us. To say it is scholarly would be inadequate. It is that and something more than that; it is an excellent piece of literary work. Fidelity to the original is combined with easy, idiomatic English in a really remarkable degree. He accomplishes the feat of making us forget that we are reading a translation. It is brilliant work.

It was time we should have a good translation of these letters. They are, perhaps, the most interesting letters in the world. They draw the curtain which hides from us the intimate life of antiquity, and show us breathing Rome—not the mere Rome of history, but a Rome which touches us as men. Here you have the people who conquered the world laughing, chatting, quarrelling, litigating, money-making, and behaving just as we behave. You hear the hum of the Forum, the latest gossip, the latest politics. You rub elbows with men of old renown; with Cato, the morally inflexible and very much of a prig; with Lucullus, the conqueror of Alithridates, but yet more celebrated for his dinners, a fine specimen of the patrician; nay, you come close to Caesar and Pompey themselves. And the penetrating, urbane, cultivated, irresolute man who wrote them—greatest of Rome's orators and perhaps greatest of her prose-writers—is always chatty, observant, winning and human.

Thus you have delightful human little glimpses of domesticity, touching in these stern old Romans. A large portion of the letters are to the orator's old friend Atticus, and are full of allusions to his wife and his daughter—a child of twelve when the letters begin. Tullia is her name, but he uses generally the tender and musical diminutive, Tulliola. Atticus forgets to send her a promised present, and Cicero writes:

My pet Tulliola claims your present, and duns me as your security. I am resolved, however, to disown the obligation rather than pay up for you.

Turn another page and you find a sneer at Pompey's arbitrary ways and militarism. "I don't like his white boots and leggings." Turn yet again, and you come on a letter of advice to his brother as pro-consul, which might have been written to an English Governor-General.

Towards the middle of the second volume the correspondence is streaked by the red line of the great Civil War between Caesar and Pompey; and Cicero appears as a war-correspondent. These "letters from the seat of war" would be valuable in any age, but in that age are priceless, for there is nothing like them in antiquity. One of the great crises of the world is unconsciously depicted for us by the greatest writer of his day. The tribunes, expelled from the Senate, had fled to Caesar's camp on the Gallic border, and invoked his protection. The Senate had launched a decree against him; he had directed a menacing letter to the Senate and had crossed the famous Rubicon. It was the situation in the Transvaal. The Roman loyalists had been pushing matters to a fight, and when it came Caesar overran Italy. Pompey's great plan, about which heads in Rome had been mysteriously wagging, proved to be non-existent. He left Rome, with the Senate and the consuls, to raise levies and prepare the defence of Italy; but the loyalists found themselves scattered and shut up in the Italian towns where they were captured in detachments. Pompey himself retreated to the sea-coast of Apulia, whence he ultimately fled to Greece, and the Senate with him. Most living and

modern is Cicero's picture, from day to day, of the consternation and uncertainty during those opening weeks; when Caesar was on the march, and everyone waiting for the development of Pompey's plans, Cicero is full of hesitation. He believes that Caesar will turn out a monster of cruelty, and talks about him as some of us talked about the Boers at the outset. On the other hand, he realised before the rest of the loyalists that Pompey was a fraud, and had no idea of defending Italy. Thus he begins when the Senate has thrown down the gauntlet, and he is quitting Rome to take over the defence of the Capuan district—knowing only that Caesar is on the march. He wrote to his dear Atticus, who quietly stays in the city to look after his private affairs:

I don't know, by heaven, what to do, now or in the future: such is the agitation into which I am thrown by the infatuation of our party's most insane decision. . . . What plan our Enneus (Pompey) has adopted or is adopting I don't know; as yet he is cooped up in the towns and in a state of lethargy. If he makes a stand in Italy, we shall all be together; if he abandons it, I shall have to reconsider the matter. Up to now, unless I am out of my senses, his proceedings are all fatuous and rash.

Two days later he breaks forth again, in a breathingly vivid picture of ancient Italy on the eve of invasion:

What in the world does it mean? What is going on? I am quite in the dark. "We are in occupation of Cingulum," says someone; "we have lost Ancona"; "Labienus has abandoned Caesar." Are we talking of an *imperator* of the Roman people or of a Hannibal? Madman! Miserable wretch, that has never seen even a shadow of virtue! And he says he is doing all this to "support his honour!" How can there be any honour where there is no moral right? Can it be morally right to have an army without commission from the State? To seize cities abandoned by one's fellow citizens as a means of attacking one's own country? To be contriving abolition of debts, restoration of exiles, hundreds of other crimes?

Which Caesar was perfectly guiltless of contriving. But Cicero is on his best oratorical platform for the moment, and very much frightened besides. He calms himself with a little philosophy, of the right Stoic pattern, and goes on:

In the name of fortune, what do you think of Pompey's plan? I mean in abandoning the city? For I am at a loss to explain it. Nothing, again, could be more irrational. Do you mean to abandon the city? Then you would have done the same if the Gauls were upon us. "The Republic," says he, "does not depend on brick and mortar." No, but it does depend on altars and hearths. . . . On the other hand, I gather from the indignation in the *municipia*, and the conversation of those whom I meet, that this plan is likely to prove successful in a way. There is an extraordinary outcry at the city being without magistrates or senate. In fact, there is a wonderfully strong feeling at Pompey's being in flight. Indeed, the point of view is quite changed; people are now for making no concessions to Caesar. Expound to me what all this means.

It certainly meant that "concessions" no longer mattered, since Caesar was coming to take them. But how swift he came they did not yet know, these good loyalists of Rome, though they were getting painfully conscious how slow was their own leader. You can see, in this letter, the agitated groups gossiping in the streets and in the market-place—that open-air club-room of ancient Italy—the catching at news and the questioning of couriers. You can feel the shock throughout Italy, when it was known that Rome was abandoned to the rebel soldier from Gaul. Three days later he is still waiting for news, and growing more doubtful of Pompey:

You ask me to be sure to let you know what Pompey is doing: I don't think he knows himself; certainly none of us do. I saw the consul Lentulus at Formiæ on the twenty-first; I have seen Libo. Nothing but terror and uncertainty everywhere! Pompey is on the road to

Larinum; for there are some cohorts there, as also at Luceria and Teanum, and in the rest of Apulia. After that, nobody knows whether he means to make a stand anywhere, or to cross the sea. If he stays in Italy, I am afraid he cannot have a 'dependable army': but if he goes away, where I am to go or stay, or what I am to do, I don't know. For the man whose fury you dread will, I think, spare no form of brutality: nor will the suspension of business, nor the departure of senate and magistrates, nor the closing of the treasury, cause him to pause. But all this, as you say, we shall know before long. . . . It is all but certain that Labienus has abandoned him. . . . For myself, I am convinced that it is true. Pray, though you say you confine yourself to the limits of your own house, do give me a sketch of the city. Is Pompey missed? Is there any appearance of a feeling against Caesar? What is your opinion as to Terentia and Tullia? Should they stay in Rome, or join me, or seek some place of safety?

Such is the terror inspired by the march of the ogre from Gaul. Cicero was soon to learn that Pompey, not Caesar, was the man whose cruelty was to be feared. The desertion of Caesar's great lieutenant, Labienus, is a gleam of hope to him:

Labienus [he writes] I regard as a demigod. There has been no political stroke this long time past more brilliant. . . . For us, however, where shall we be able to raise our heads, or when? How utterly incapable our general is you yourself observe . . . and how devoid of any plan of campaign the facts are witness. . . . Everyone agrees that he is in a state of abject alarm and agitation. . . . His whole hope rests on the two legions somewhat treacherously obtained. . . . For as yet, indeed, those whom he is enlisting are men reluctant to serve, and averse from fighting.

But Pompey was not so panic-stricken, perhaps, as Cicero sweepingly asserts. He had "'eard the East a-calling," and he could "'eed nothing else." He was eager to get away to the scene of his early glories, and rouse the kings of the East against Italy, as Cicero soon came to penetrate. He had thrown a detachment into Corfinium, the Kimberley or Mafeking of the campaign; but he made no effort to relieve it. Cicero has a gleam of hope that Caesar will accept terms; Labienus has assured Pompey that his ex-leader's army is weak, and Pompey, in much better spirits, writes that he will soon have a large army. But very quickly Cicero discovers that the peace proposals were a blind, that Caesar has not halted a moment, and that he is rushing on the heels of the scattered and retreating loyalist detachments. City after city he has taken. Again poor Cicero rails at Pompey. Caesar he can scarce bear to name, it is always "he" or "that man."

I can see that there is not a foot of ground in Italy which is not in his power. About Pompey I know nothing, and I think he will be caught unless he has already embarked. What incredible rapidity! Whereas our general—!

From Corfinium, Domitius Ahenobarbus cries for help—Shakespeare's "strong Enobarbe," but a poor enough ruffian in history. The next day comes word of the final blow, and Cicero sums up the inglorious campaign in disgusted language.

What a disgraceful, and for that reason what a miserable thing. He had fostered Caesar, and then all of a sudden had begun to be afraid of him; he had declined any terms of peace; he had made no preparations for war; he had abandoned the city; he had lost Picenum by his own fault; he had blocked himself up in Apulia; he was preparing to go to Greece; he was going to leave us without a word, entirely uninformed of a movement on his part so important and unprecedented. Lo and behold, there is suddenly sprung on us a letter from Domitius to him. But our hero, bidding a long good-bye to honour, takes himself to Brundisium, while Domitius, they say, and those with him, on hearing of this, surrendered.

It is a just indictment. In about a month and a half Pompey had lost Italy, and embarked for Greece. How differently from cold history does it all read in these letters, palpitating with the passion of a partisan and a contemporary, lit up by the little personal details which give actuality to the drama! If history were properly written, these letters would be more copiously quoted than they are.

A Book of Tears.

English Elegies. ("Bodley Anthologies.") Edited by J. C. Bailey. (Lane. 5s.)

MR. BAILEY has woven a mortuary chaplet of elegiac verse, and offers it with a preface wherein he discusses, not merely the history of the elegy in England, but also, with both thoughtfulness and erudition, the precise nature and essence of this particular *genre* of poetry. Like most words in the vocabulary of criticism, the term "elegy" has been used in a variety of more or less related senses, which can hardly be brought within the boundaries of a common definition. Two attempts at such a definition Mr. Bailey quotes as at least approximately just. One is that of Coleridge: "Elegy is the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It may treat of any subject, but it must treat of no subject for itself, but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself." The other is due to Shenstone: "Elegy in its true and genuine acceptation includes a tender and querulous idea, and so long as this is sustained it admits of a variety of subjects." And he adds that the subject of an elegy must be "treated so as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy." We do not think Mr. Bailey is much in love with either of these definitions. Certainly we are not. From one point of view they are too wide. They are applicable to elegiac poetry as a whole, while elegy, nowadays at least, generally bears a narrower connotation than elegiac. From another point of view they are too narrow, for the *Elegiae* of Ovid's *Amores*, and the "Elegies" into which Marlowe translated these, and the "Elegies" of Donne and others, to which they served as models, are by no means always "tender and querulous," and not invariably even "reflective." Some of them are expanded epigrams; others are narratives of gay and gallant adventures. On the whole, it seems better to maintain the distinction between Elegy and Elegiac, and to confine the former to the notion of lament. Mr. Bailey gives yet another formal definition, which regards Elegy as "that form of poetry in which anything is described as at once desirable and not present." Even this is not quite satisfactory: to please us the closing words should be, instead of "not present," "no longer present." The notion of *desiderium*, or longing for what has been and is no more, is surely essential. Fitzgerald writes:

Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things Entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

This satisfies the definition just quoted. Omar's ideal is "at once desirable and not present." But clearly it is not elegy. Let us then insist on *desiderium*, and define elegy, if a definition is wanted, as "that form of lyric in which the dominant mood is the yearning for that which has been and is not." This definition allows a certain range of subject for elegy. It may include, if not, as Mr. Bailey suggests, laments for unrequited or unhappy love, at least complaints over absent or faithless or forgotten love. It may include the lament of the exile for the mother country, of the townsman perforce for the meadows of his childhood. Actually, of course, the subject is, nine times out of ten, death, and from this one class of funeral elegies,

the whole of Mr. Bailey's own admirable collection is drawn. He says truly that the material for choice was ample:

My difficulty throughout has been not where to find matter for insertion, but how to find room for it. We English have time out of mind been a grave people, apt more than others to meditate on the transitoriness of human things, and in the midst of life to let our thoughts move in the direction of death. And our poets, from Anglo-Saxon times to our own, have in this matter been no ill representatives of the national character.

Mr. Bailey's choice amid so much wealth is a judicious and catholic one. His knowledge of the earlier writers is wide, and he has been fortunate enough to obtain leave to reprint much beautiful modern work which is still copyright. He has, for example, Arnold's "Thyrsis" and "Geist's Grave"; Lefroy's "Quem Di Diligunt"; several elegies by Mr. Swinburne, including the "Ave atque Vale" upon Baudelaire, and the "Lines upon Walter Savage Landor"; three by Mr. Bridges, of which one is the magnificent "Elegy on a Lady, whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed"; Mrs. Meynell's "To the Beloved Dead"; Mr. Watson's "Lachrymæ Musarum," which nobly stands the test of historic comparison; and Mr. Le Gallienne's "Robert Louis Stevenson."

Naturally, no two anthologists ever make the same selection, which is the excuse for multiplying anthologies; and while we could dispense with a few of Mr. Bailey's gatherings, there are some half-dozen poems which we could never have brought ourselves to exclude. Side by side with Drummond of Hawthornden's lines "To Sir William Alexander" we would have had the same writer's "Lament of Damon," with its exquisite couplet:

Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,
But we, once dead, no more do see the sun.

We would have had the charming scene in Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," where Æglamour laments for Earine:

Earine,
Who had her very being and her name,
With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
Born with the primrose or the violet,
Or earliest roses blown.

From a later age we would have had Charles Lamb's "Hester" and, perhaps, "The Old Familiar Faces." And, finally, if Mr. Mackail would have permitted it, we would have had his beautiful poem "On the Death of Arnold Toynbee." We fancy this is not so well known as it deserves to be, but we count it second only to Mr. Bridges's "Elegy on a Lady" among the regrets of these latter days. Two stanzas we must find room for here:

Even in this English clime
The same sweet cry no circling seas can drown,
In melancholy cadence rose to swell
Some dirge of Lycidas or Astrophel,
When lovely souls and pure before their time
Into the dusk went down.

These Earth, the bounteous nurse,
Hath long ago lapped in deep peace divine.
Lips that made musical their old-world woe
Themselves have gone to silence long ago,
And left a weaker voice and wearier verse,
O royal soul, for thine.

The first of these stanzas might serve as a motto to such a collection as Mr. Bailey's.

And now a final word of reproach. Mr. Bailey's book is, unfortunately, a chaos. The elegies are not arranged chronologically—on the whole, the best method where the subject-matter of an anthology does not itself suggest any marked divisions. Nor are they, so far as we can ascertain, arranged in accordance with any other principle whatever.

The Man Dante.

The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri. By J. F. Hagan, D.D. (Longmans.)

YET one more of the many aids to the study of Dante which pour in a yearly increasing tide from the press. In the present case it deserves special commendation; not only because it is scholarly and thorough (for that is a quality happily not rare among Dante studies at this day), but for its unusual completeness as a survey of its subject. It consists of two parts. The first is a biography of Dante, as full as our limited knowledge of him will allow; the second is devoted to a detailed analysis of the *Divine Comedy*, together with the *Vita Nuova* and the prose works of Dante. The reader has thus, in a single volume, everything required to assist him in making the acquaintance of the great Florentine.

The greatest of Italy's writers was born in Florence in 1265; in that thirteenth century when the life of Italy, poetical, artistic, and political, was rising like a young tree, and the Tuscan which he was to give supremacy above all Italian dialects was plastic and waiting for a supreme shaper. His father, Folco Alighieri, was a professor of jurisprudence in Florence; and the family, though old and noble, held only a moderate position in the city. The very family of his mother, Bella, is unknown, and both his parents died while he was still young. His name, Dante, is an abbreviation of Durante. His parents' death left him under the guardianship and tuition of Brunetto Latini—a notable event for little Dante. Brunetto was not only a distinguished citizen, but one of the most learned men of his day. He unquestionably laid the foundations of that encyclopædic knowledge which is as marked a feature in the *Divine Comedy* as it is in *Paradise Lost*. The time was yet to come when a great poet might win his way to the Muses with "little Latin and less Greek"—or what ponderous old pedantic Ben considered little Latin, though it might be reckoned by us a tolerable ha'porth. Not content, moreover, with studying at Padua and Bologna, Dante "finished" at Paris, principally for the sake of philosophy and theology, as a young Englishman nowadays might finish at a German university. It was a wonderfully thorough education, the like of which no young man of fashion would dream of nowadays. But then it was possible to aim at universal knowledge, and pretty nearly to attain it. Besides his studies in what we should call science and general knowledge, his special knowledge of the arts and letters, Dante was as thorough a master as any cleric of the received philosophy and theology of the day—a fact of which his readers obtain painful and laborious assurance.

But no pedant was the future poet. The first thing on his return from Paris he fought at Campaldino for his native Florence against Arezzo. It was not the cause in which he was ultimately to suffer so much, for the Florentine army was Guelphic. Already, when he was but nine years old, he had begun that other discipline of love. Then, at a May party in the house of the Portinari, whither he went with his father, he met the little daughter of the house, Beatrice, one year younger than himself, and fell solemnly and precociously in love with her. Such is the story; and it is like enough with a child of his temperament. Back in Florence from the wars, Dante began the life of a brilliant young poet and politician. His associates, such as Guido Cavalcanti, his fellow-pupil with Brunetto, and his elder and predecessor in poetical fame, Cino da Pistoia, and Lapo Gianni, were all ultra-Ghibellines; poet and Ghibelline, indeed, were almost synonymous: and so it was inevitable he should take sides against the popular party of the Guelphs for which he had fought at Campaldino. The belief that the salvation of Florence and Italy lay in the submission of the country to the German emperors became the fixed creed of his

life, and his abilities gradually made him conspicuous among the Ghibelline party.

Meanwhile he had met and renewed his passion for Beatrice Portinari; but it did not prosper. There are signs that young Dante, like young Shakespeare or young Donne, led rather a wild life; and once, at least, Beatrice refused to salute him in the street. To crown matters, she finally married another; but still the platonic passion continued and was recorded in the immortal *Vita Nuova*; where the foundation may be love but the edifice is certainly allegory. At last she died young; and after an interval of mourning he married another lady, Gemma Donati—of whom we only know that he wrote no poetry about her. The same inference has been drawn as in the case of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. And we are bound to say that when a poet's wife never by any chance gets into his writings, while another woman most conspicuously does, it looks as if one has the right to infer.

Nor were the great Florentine's politics more successful than his love matters. Poetry was the only mistress that smiled upon his suit. That during those years he must have stamped his personality upon his fellow-citizens as something more than a rising and somewhat lax-living poet is clear by the great catastrophe of his life. He had come to be recognised as a force in the turbulent affairs of Florence—a fatal distinction. Better for him had he, like his predecessor, Guido Guinicelli, been known as a mere maker of songs, which all parties might admire. For there was struggle in Florence: the Ghibellines drove out the Guelphs, and reigned supreme in a Pyrrhic triumph—as it proved. The government of the city was reorganised on Ghibelline lines, and Dante was placed at its head. Dante, the poet, ruler of Florence! It is an extraordinary tribute to the man's versatile faculty and commanding character. Poet rulers there have been before and since, but not ruler poets. That is, there have been rulers—kings and others—who were poets of some distinction, but not poets who rose to be rulers. Victor Hugo made a poor thing of it as a parliamentarian. One has only to look at Dante's iron face to see the stuff of rule in him; but his companions were men of weaker stuff. It was imperative that an envoy should go to plead their cause with the Pope. There was no one whom Dante could trust to go but himself. There was no one he could trust to leave behind but himself. Painfully misdoubting what would happen among his loggerhead fellows if he were away, he yet (in an evil hour for his cause and himself) decided to leave Florence on the embassy. While he was in Rome came the counter revolution in Florence. The Ghibelline leaders were expelled, decree of banishment was pronounced against the absent arch-Ghibelline—soon to be the arch-poet—and a price set on his head. The interesting experiment of the ruler-poet came to a premature end.

Then began the famous wanderings of Dante. From the castle of one little Ghibelline war-lord to another the sombre and now ageing exile drifted, bearing his wrongs in his bosom and immortality in his pocket; for during this enforced absence from politics and family he fell back upon the composition of the *Divine Comedy*. We should doubtless have had it none the less had he stayed in Florence; but many persons of very good family might have escaped hell. To Paris again he wandered, and, coming back, had a gleam of hope. For Henry of Luxemburg was elected Emperor of Germany, and forthwith revived the pretensions of his predecessors by invading Italy. Lombardy at Milan gave him submission and the Iron Crown, but Florence stood out; and Dante exultingly beckoned his vengeance upon the haughty city. But the Luxemburger marched on to Rome, fortune turned against him, and when he returned to besiege Florence his army melted away before the pestilence. He retreated to die, broken-hearted; and all was over with the poet. Of Dante's residence and bickering with Can Grande at Verona

you may read in Rossetti's fine poem. There, too, you may read a splendidly poetised account of his answer to the insulting amnesty which Florence offered him, on condition that he should pay the fine, and undergo the public ignominy of the coiners pardoned by custom on St. John Baptist's Day. The offer was made known to him by a Florentine Franciscan; and his actual letter is sternly grand enough, without the added magic of Rossetti's numbers. Thus the close of it runs:

A FLOR. MONK.

"No, good father! That is not the way for me to return. But should a way be found by yourself or others that shall not take from Dante's fame and honour, be sure that I shall follow it. Should no such way be found by which I can enter Florence, then its gates I shall never pass. And what? Shall I not see wherever I turn the bright rays of the sun and of the stars? Can I not everywhere under heaven speculate on the sweetest truths of life without submitting myself to the people of Florence, stripped of my glory and covered with ignominy? Not even bread shall fail me."

With Guido Novello, Lord of Ravenna, Dante found a final asylum. There he completed his days and the great poem, the gradual publication of which had already made him famous. As he had been exiled during one embassy, it was his fate to die after another. On his return from an embassy he had undertaken to Venice for Guido, he caught a fever and expired. The last portion of his poem was only found and published after his death. So Florence kept her living poet an exile to the last. And ever since she has been vainly striving to recover from Ravenna his dead bones. Which thing, is it not an allegory of the world's treatment of its poets? That is what we know of the life of one of the world's greatest poets—a story sad, terse, dignified, and worthy of the man.

The Hero as Mountaineer.

The Highest Andes: a Record of the First Ascent of Aconcagua and Tupungato in Argentina, and the Exploration of the Surrounding Valleys. By E. A. FitzGerald. (Methuen. 30s. net.)

From the Alps to the Andes, being the Autobiography of a Mountain Guide. By Mattias Zurbriggen. (Fisher Unwin.)

EVER since Falstaff—himself no hero—reviled "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace," it has been the custom with certain philosophers to look on war as the most fertile breeder of the heroic virtues and to cloak its savagery with sentiment. To such thinkers Mr. FitzGerald's long struggle in the service of science with the elemental forces of nature, if it appear heroic at all, will appear but a heroism of the lower order, but to such as have no love for the hot-blooded heroisms of the bayonet and yet believe endurance and courage to be the basal virtues, this story of the conquest of Aconcagua will be of high inspiration. It is not a record of mountaineering in the ordinary sense; to ice and rock-craft there is little explicit reference; the arch-enemy is not the mountain, but the atmosphere, and the issue of the assault depends less on axe and rope than on temperament.

Aconcagua rises twenty-three thousand and eighty feet above the sea, and Mr. FitzGerald's highest camp—where he spent, on and off, many weeks—was only some four thousand feet from the summit, yet the circumambient air of that last three-quarters of a mile presented a more formidable obstacle than he had ever before encountered. The assault on this invisible barrier by the handful of intrepid men that formed his party—falling back exhausted time after time, yet for ever hurling themselves against it as in some forlorn hope—is an epic in action. Three of

them at last pressed through—first the chief guide, Mattias Zurbriggen, then Mr. Stuart Vines, the geologist of the expedition, with the guide Nicola—but the leader himself had finally to abandon the attempt, an heroic victor nevertheless, though disappointed in his supreme ambition.

The effect of these high altitudes upon the individual explorers is described in the book with much detail, but perhaps nothing else will convey to the man in the plains such a forcible impression of the physical havoc they caused as the following homely comparison. "Nobody can conceive," writes Mr. FitzGerald, "unless he has tried to work under similar conditions, the feeling of utter lassitude that overtakes one. I have heard people complain of the same sort of feelings from acute sea-sickness. Having suffered badly from that malady myself, I can say that a man could go about and cheerfully do his work while suffering from the worst attack of sea-sickness far more readily than he could take his pocket-handkerchief out to blow his nose at an altitude of 19,000 feet." Add to this that there were times when some of the men—all hardened mountaineers—"sat down, and absolutely cried, great tears rolling down their faces, simply because of the cold," and that "the stoutest-hearted man" Zurbriggen ever knew "wept bitterly," because he had broken a bottle of wine, and we shall have some slight notion of the transformation to be effected by rarified air.

In one sense the most absorbing chapters in the book are those in which Mr. Vines describes his ascent. Who will not be glad that he has attempted to describe what lay before him as he stood on the highest point yet reached by man? Of the view to the west he says:

No lens or pen can depict the view on the Chilian side. I looked down the great arête, past the western peak of the mountain to right and left, over ranges that dwindled in height as they neared the coast, to where, a hundred miles away, the blue expanse of the Pacific glittered in the evening sun. [He had left the camp at 8.30, and reached the summit at 5.] Far down to the south, and fifty leagues away to the north, stretched the vast blue line. The sun lay low on the horizon, and the whole surface of the ocean between the point of vision and the sun was suffused with a blood-red glow. The shimmering of the light on the water could be distinctly seen.

He stayed more than an hour on the top, and then, as he began the descent,

the sun [he tells us], a great ball of blood-red fire in a cloudless sky, was dipping into the waters of the Pacific. Rapidly it sank, and disappeared from view. Yet, as if still struggling for supremacy with the fast-approaching night, an after-glow of surpassing beauty spread over land and sea in a series of magnificent changes of colour. The mighty expanse of water from north to south, together with the sky above it, was suffused with a fiery red glow. While the red in the sky remained, the waters, through a variety of intermediate shades of colouring, turned slowly to purple and then to blue. And yet we were not in darkness, for with the sun's departure the risen moon had declared itself with wondrous brightness, penetrating the thin atmosphere and flooding everything with its colder light. The effect produced by such a combination of brilliant moonlight and glorious sunset was beautiful beyond words. For during half-an-hour that wonderful glow rested on the horizon of the Pacific—a great red line of subdued fire suspended in mid-air, the darkness that had fallen like a pall on sea and land beneath severing its connexion with the earth.

But the most important part of Mr. FitzGerald's work was the exploration of the environing country, and in that he met with the fullest measure of success. His labours, indeed, have materially added to our knowledge of that out-of-the-way part of the world—its topography, its geology, its fauna and flora, and (it may be added) its manners and customs. The record, moreover, possesses the additional interest of robust adventure; and whether we are triangulating in the Horcones valley with Mr. FitzGerald; volcano-hunting in Southern Chili with Mr.

Vines; crossing the Cumbre Pass (12,800 feet), with revolvers and half a ton of precious baggage, in the teeth of an appalling blizzard, with Mr. Lightbody; or collecting specimens in the wastes of Inca or the vineyards of Lujan with Mr. Gosse, we are sure of a "crowded hour of glorious life."

The expedition started from Southampton with eighty tons of luggage; lasted seven months; included five Swiss guides and an innumerable host of native carriers; cost we know not how many thousands; ended in serious illness for many of the party; and was, withal, a notable achievement. And the book that enshrines the record is in all respects worthy. With its elaborate appendices, its excellent maps, and its numerous illustrations—many of rare beauty—it is even a greater material triumph than the same writer's previous volume on the Alps of New Zealand.

Mr. Zurbriggen is, by common consent, the finest exploring guide the world has yet produced. Born in 1856, in the heart of the high Alps, it was not till 1880 that, driven from pillar to post in the valleys by an innate restlessness, he determined to devote his life to the mastery of the great mountains. Since then he has made conquest after conquest—all detailed in the present volume—not only in his own Switzerland, but in the Himalayas, in New Zealand, and in the Andes, where, as Mr. FitzGerald has just shown us, it was he who first set foot on the hitherto untrodden summit of Aconcagua.

The life-history of such a man, told in the rough, spontaneous eloquence of his native tongue by hut or bivouac-fire on the crag of some great peak, would flood the soul of the fortunate listener with many emotions, whereas the same thing on paper, in the elaborated idiom of translation, with embellishments and enlargements by the translator, stuck between conventional covers and besprinkled with illustrations sometimes uncalled for and sometimes unworthy, loses a large part of its most characteristic quality and scarcely reveals a personality.

And so it comes to pass that the writer of this autobiography lives more truly in other men's books than in his own, not because he tells his tale clumsily or incompletely—though there is a marked reticence on many of the matters that go to make up a man—but because it is not the real man who is telling it. The book, judiciously edited, should have revealed an unconscious hero; it shows us instead a good fellow and a skilful climber, with a constitution of iron, an indefatigable energy, a passion for adventure, a touch of piety, and a liking for bottled beer and a cigar. But this is not Mr. Zurbriggen's fault; it is the fault of his friends. The book, nevertheless, will be attractive to many as being the first attempt of any guide to give an account of himself and his doings in print, and as containing a record of mountain-adventure that few climbers—and certainly no guide—could match.

Mr. Seaman's New Volume.

In Cap and Bells. By Owen Seaman. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

WELL-MEANING, educated readers say of Mr. Seaman's verse that it is "not unworthy of Calverley," that "he is on Calverley's level," that he is "almost as good as Calverley." It is, perhaps, a blunder to make the comparison, but as it is made so frequently, everyone interested in good work is driven, in the first instance, to approach Mr. Seaman from that particular standpoint, and every just mind is soon forced to admit, with all admiration for Calverley and without the least disparagement of his gifts, that, as a parodist and in technique, Mr. Seaman is Calverley's superior. Some, preferring generous before sardonic humour, would even maintain that the second comer is the better wit. The amusement to be found in

Calverley is certainly, for the most part, embittering. There may be laughter, but there is little true gaiety in his verse. His parodies, again, are ingenious, yet they are rarely sympathetic. Take, for instance, his parody of Browning—"The Cock and the Bull." It is stupidly funny. Browning's intellect is never once taken into account: he wrote every way except foolishly, and to burlesque his manner where he himself, as in certain portions of "The Ring and the Book," is taking some elbow-room at the expense of dull dogs shows a want of critical perception. And so "The Cock and the Bull" misses its mark. This is not the case with Mr. Seaman's "Resignation"—a dramatic study after the same master. Here the subject is seen as Browning might have seen it, and it is treated with the irony which no one commanded more often than Browning himself. Other parodies in Mr. Seaman's new volume are wonderful examples of this difficult art: the Stephen Phillips, the Alfred Austin, the Watts-Dunton, and the George Meredith are faultless. And, further, not one of these distinguished writers would find anything offensive or ill-bred, or, worse still, unknowing in these remarkably skilful productions.

Mr. Seaman has imitated, in each case, with a poet's appreciation, the treatment and the musical tone, but he employs, in the subject-matter, his own observations and his own ideas. Calverley, on the other hand, lacked imagination, or what is sometimes called the instinct for beauty. He wrote as a man of the world, not as a poet, not as an artist. His verse is correct enough, and it looks well on the page. Poetry, however, is for the ear and voice, not for the eye. There must be sound and feeling as well as sense. These indispensable characteristics are never absent in Mr. Seaman's brilliant work. Calverley's lines are often tortured, curiously harsh, and difficult to speak—common effects among parodists who catch the time and not the tune of a poet's literary style. He was also an uncompromising realist: sentimentality, we may believe, irritated, bored, perplexed him; he had, as one says, "no patience with it," and was consumed by an anxiety to get the first laugh—an uneasy, fatal habit among English authors of this generation. Mr. Seaman, less self-conscious, and therefore much stronger, writes with the straightforward ease of those who, acutely susceptible to what is droll, have not sacrificed every high faculty and ideal to that relatively small side in human affairs. There are many modern minds who are capable of seeking for the humorous aspect of the Agony in Gethsemane. Mr. Seaman possesses the great quality of discrimination, and his new volume is much more than a collection of extraordinarily clever poems and burlesques. It is a chivalrous book—a book with what may be called "a whole soul." And lest any one with the fear of chivalry before his eyes should suspect that a "whole soul" is not racy, let us hasten to add that it is the best company possible, and English in the most gallant sense.

Other New Books.

FROM KING ORRY TO QUEEN VICTORIA. BY E. CALLOW.

"This is not a guide-book," says Mr. Callow. It is not. It is such a popular history of the Isle of Man as may well satisfy the thirst for information of the summer visitor to that delectable isle when he has exhausted the guide-book. It should lie upon the table of every hotel coffee-room and every lodging-house parlour in Douglas. Mr. Callow has no pretensions to be a scientific historian, but he has gathered his material with care, and has put it together in a readable and anecdotal form. Those who regard the Isle of Man as a sort of ancestral estate belonging to Mr. Hall Caine will be surprised to learn that he is

not, to the best of our belief, so much as mentioned in the volume. The King Ormy who appears in the title was a Norse Viking who conquered the Celtic inhabitants of the island in the tenth century, set up a dynasty, and, if tradition may be credited, founded the representative House of Keys upon Tynwald Hill. To this day Man, unlike its greater Celtic neighbour, possesses Home Rule. It is an independent unit in the British Empire; the Queen of Great Britain is also Lady of Man. In the thirteenth century Hakon Hakonson of Norway was defeated by Alexander III. of Scotland, and Man became an appanage of the Scottish Crown. Edward I., and after him Edward III., conquered it, and it was held with the title of king by divers noblemen and Court favourites. Ultimately Henry IV. granted it for an annual tribute of a cast of falcons to Sir John Stanley. From him sprang the Earls of Derby who remained until 1504 "kings," and until the eighteenth century "lords," of Man. Then it passed through the distaff line to the Dukes of Athol, who ruled it ill and selfishly. In 1765 it was sold to the British Crown for £70,000 down and certain annuities. But the final claims of these ducal "horseleeches"—it is Mr. Callow's word—were only settled, in 1829, by a payment of £400,000 more. (Elliot Stock.)

HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT.

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL.

The popular taste appears to demand books of the drum-and-trumpet order just at present. Wherefore Mr. F. Norreys Connell has felt called upon to put forth a volume in which he essays to describe the duties which the various branches of the Army are called upon to perform, and the feelings of the soldiers who perform them. Mr. Connell as a writer of stories we know, and have been able to commend; but we have not been able to discover that Mr. Connell has any special knowledge of warfare, or any claim to rank as an authority on the doings and the feelings of soldiers. It is true that he exhibits an enthusiasm for "blugginess"; and in reading his book there came back to our memory some lines from some dreadful stanzas that were current about twenty years ago:

O ain't it a jolly lark,
A-cuttin' of the throats
Of them Boer blokes,
An' wadin' through blood in the dark!

Bloodshed may be necessary, but it is not for us who sit at home to take pleasure in the contemplation of it. Thus does Mr. Connell counsel the private of the line:

Of the tactics of infantry there is no end, but there are some simple rules for the individual foot-soldier to remember when lost in the chaos of battle. If you cannot bayonet your enemy, shoot him; if he goes away, aim at the base of his spine. But do not let your attention be distracted from business by the consideration that other people are making a mark of you. It is your duty to kill the highest possible number of those opposed to you, not to save your own skin.

Such counsel as this is not likely to reach the infantry soldier, and it leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth of the civilian reader. (James Bowden. 3s. 6d.)

LEGENDS OF THE BASTILLE. BY FRANTZ FUNCK-BRETANO.

In this merciful, researchful age the worst men and the worst institutions of the past stand a good chance of receiving justice or, at the least, a coat of whitewash. M. Funck-Bretano sets himself to demolish those legends which represent the Bastille of the eighteenth century as the abode of disease and tortures. We are no longer to believe in iron cages, underground dungeons flooded by the Seine, toads, lizards, rats, scant furniture, clanking chains, Cimmerian darkness, and unknown accusations. These are the dreams of melodrama, and the prison was a desirable residence. Each prisoner had a large room, adequately furnished, and he could add to the furniture.

He could procure whatever clothing he needed, and could even indulge his fads. Paris was ransacked to find "a dress of white silk spotted with green flowers," for a lady named Sauv , and when the gaolers could find only a white dress with green stripes theirs was the dejection! Good fires blazed, pens and books were in plenty, and there were concerts in the prisoners' rooms and in the governors' rooms. Prisoners could pursue their hobbies, or they could walk on the platform of the fortress and watch the crowds on the boulevard.

As for Latude and his tales—pooh! He never stood waist deep in water; on the contrary, he was removed to a better cell when the floods arose. When he complained of rheumatism furs were provided for him, and when he wanted a dressing-gown of "red-striped calamanco" it was obtained. His *Memoirs* are "a tissue of calumnies and lies," and it is pointed out that this man, who alleged that he had suffered torture and exposure for thirty-five years, was active and gay at seventy-five, and died at eighty. There is, of course, no doubt that the extravagance of the French Revolution infected its memories and legends, and that not all these have been corrected by later historians. M. Funck-Bretano's defence of the Bastille is a striking one, and is supported by documents, but that it will prevail against the forces of settled tradition is doubtful. Tradition says that the Bastille was a "hell of living men," and that it was taken by storm. M. Funck-Bretano says it was a comfortable hotel, and that it was entered in a quarter of an hour. Tradition quotes the poets, M. Funck-Bretano prefers contemporary records. An interesting book, with an introduction from the pen of M. Victorien Sardou. (Downey. 6s.)

THE ENGLISH CHURCH (597-1066).

BY WILLIAM HUNT, M.A.

This is the first instalment of a somewhat comprehensive undertaking, a complete History of the English Church on a scale considerably larger than any other modern work—for modern histories, civil or ecclesiastical, are generally little more than Introductions and Outlines—and incorporating the results of recent research. The task is obviously one too great for any single scholar of these degenerate days, and it has been divided into seven periods and put into the hands of seven men. Mr. Hunt's share reaches from the coming of Augustine to the Norman Conquest, and among the names of writers to whom later sections are assigned we notice those of such competent historians as Canon Capes and Dr. Gairdner. The general editors are the Dean of Winchester and Mr. Hunt himself. In order, we suppose, to avoid controversy other than historical, it appears to be intended that the work should close with the eighteenth century. Mr. Hunt adds to real learning an adequate narrative style, and we especially commend the judicial and scholarly temper in which he approaches his theme. He says of the volume:

While it is written from the standpoint of a member of the Church of England, it has not been my design either to advocate the principles of a party, or even to exalt the Church. Whether the fact that the Church held certain beliefs and enjoined certain practices a thousand and more years ago is any reason why it should do the like now is not for me to say. Everything recorded here has been inserted either because it seemed to me necessary to my narrative or interesting in itself. It has been my earnest wish to present a thoroughly truthful picture of the Church during this period, and not to misrepresent anything. No cause seems the better for the art of the special pleader, still less for disingenuousness. Nor would the interests of the Church, even if they could be saved by such methods, be so sacred to me as historic truth.

We are a little surprised, in view of the scale and importance of this history—"the first attempt," says Mr. Hunt, "to write a continuous History of the English Church before the Norman Conquest with any degree of fulness"—that Mr. Hunt has not thought it desirable to give full

references to the authorities for his statements in footnotes. Instead of this, he only gives a brief general list of authorities at the end—why not the beginning?—of every chapter. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER.

We had thought—shall we say, hoped?—to have heard the last of the Sonnets for some time. But Mr. Butler comes late and eager into the field, with an elaborate introduction, footnotes, a reprint of the Quarto text, and all the rest of it. Mindful of a recent volume in which Mr. Butler tried to prove that Nausicaa, of all people, wrote the *Odyssey*, we were quite prepared to find him ascribing the Sonnets to Queen Elizabeth, or Lettice Devereux, or Mary Fitton herself. On the contrary, with the exception of a slight tendency to indulge in the somewhat dangerous pastime of re-arranging the order of the Sonnets, he faces the problem in a thoroughly sober and scholarly mood. We have not space to discuss his views in full, but the volume is one which no serious student can afford to neglect. Briefly, Mr. Butler is neither a Herbertian nor a Southamptonian. He tilts indifferently at Mr. Archer and Mr. Sidney Lee. But he takes the common-sense view that the "Mr. W. H." of the preface was the person to whom the Sonnets were written, and he thinks, chiefly on the ground of the italicised *Hews* in Sonnet 20, that the initials conceal some unidentified Will Hews probably of obscure social standing. It may be so. In any case, we think that few scholars will follow Mr. Butler in the belief that the Sonnets were literally the work of Shakespeare's "pupil pen," and were written between 1585 and 1588. (Longmans.)

LETT'S DIARIES.

We have received a parcel of these well-known publications, the merits of which are too well known to need statement. But *Lett's Diary* No. 8, which is in a convenient octavo size and gives a page to each day of this year, strikes us as an excellent type of diary for the literary man. (Cassell & Co.)

Fiction.

Active Service. By Stephen Crane.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THE hero of this novel is the editor of the Sunday edition of a New York paper, Rufus Coleman, a down-East Yankee of the most resourceful and clear-headed type. Coleman falls in love with Marjory Wainright, daughter of a college professor. The professor declines the young man as a son-in-law, and then, his daughter proving obstinate, takes her and his wife to Greece, with a party of young students. Rufus follows as correspondent of his paper, and there follows also a *divette* named Nora Black, who has something more than a preference for the great young Sunday editor. The presence of all the characters in Greece can only be explained by the fact that Mr. Crane has spent some time in Greece as a war-correspondent, and must have a large quantity of descriptive stuff to "work off." Otherwise it has no significance. Mr. Crane makes of the Turko-Greek war a rather effective background to a romantic love-tale with a "happy" conclusion. The book is full of those feats of description for which the author is famous—some of them really excellent, others nothing but trickeries in which a certain effect is obtained by applying to men the epithets of things and to things the epithets of men. But let us admit that Mr. Crane can handle the epithet and the simile with surprising, almost miraculous dexterity. The best chapter in the book is that in which is set forth the strenuous life of the sixteenth floor of the *New York Eclipse*

building. It is a piece of sheer impudent vivacity, the end justifying the means. If it had not succeeded it would have been obviously crude; but it does succeed, and the sixteenth floor of the *Eclipse* building lives for you as in a biography.

A large part of the book is occupied with the American University student, of whom Mr. Crane presents several varieties in what one of his characters calls a "calcium light." These persons are not wholly fascinating; their passion for slang amounts to a disease—a disease which has communicated itself to Mr. Crane. If a slang phrase will roughly serve his turn he never hesitates to use it. The students' conversations have picturesqueness:

In the corridor, one of the students said offensively to Peter Tounley:

"Say, how in hell did you find out all this so early?"

Peter's reply was amiable in tone.

"You are a damned bleating little kid, and you make a holy show of yourself before Mr. Gordner. There's where you stand. Didn't you see that he turned us out because he didn't know but what you were going to blubber or something? You are a sucking-pig, and if you want to know how I find out things, go and ask the Delphic Oracle, you blind ass."

"You'd better look out, or you may get a punch in the eye!"

"You take one punch in the general direction of my eye, me son," said Peter cheerfully, "and I'll distribute your remains over this hotel in a way that will cause your friends years of trouble to collect you. Instead of anticipating an attack upon my eye, you had much better be engaged in improving your mind, which is not at present a fit machine to cope with exciting situations. There's Coke! Hello, Coke, heard the news? Well, Marjory Wainwright and Rufus Coleman are engaged. Straight? Certainly! Go ask the minister."

On the whole, *Active Service* is a little below Mr. Crane's best. It is mannered, and the mannerisms of a writer with methods so audacious and novel as Mr. Crane's are apt to irritate. But it quite deserves to be called a remarkable book.

Princess Feather. By A. C. Inchbold.
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

MR. INCHBOLD (if, indeed, it be a man; but we are by no means sure) has written a novel of peasant life on the Sussex shore at the end of the eighteenth century. His heroine, Elizabeth, sprang originally from the Foundling Hospital. She was carefully brought up, and arrived at the status of a lady's maid. Pretty, clever, refined, reliable and good, she was a valuable pearl among lady's maids. One day she went with her mistress to stay at a country house. She there saw a sheep-shearing festival, and fell in love with the braggart but picturesque Michael Tagg, captain of sheep-shearers. She married him. Thenceforward her history is one of sorrow and declension. Michael was a smuggler and a bully—masterful, drunken, immoral, bestial—in fact, we suppose, an average eighteenth century peasant husband. In vain Elizabeth exercised amiability, obedience, and conscientious endeavour to please. He knocked her down with a single blow. She found herself a peasant's wife. Mr. Inchbold's concern is to make us feel what it was to be a peasant's wife in years before the battle of Trafalgar. He succeeds. The picture is sinister, but it convinces. Imagination has been put into this promising book. It is a book dominated by a sincere effort after truth—both dark truth and light. The realism is relentless, but it is a fine, selective sort of realism too. The difficult Sussex dialect is handled with skill, and the author has a pastoral, open-air sense of things which enables him to build up round his characters a genuine atmosphere of England's green and England's sea. In short, *Princess Feather*, no doubt a first attempt,

may be called rather notable, since it has strength, colour, and a broad, just outlook. Some of the scenes possess a memorable stringency. The most dramatic is that of the wife auction (marking the lowest point of Elizabeth's fall), where the once prim and proud lady's maid is sold by her husband to a soldier for five sovereigns. We should like to quote from it, but a short extract would be inadequate. The psychology of the soldier and the subsequent passages between the soldier and Elizabeth are well and subtly done. They disclose a talent at once ingenious and agile, and, above all, honest with itself and its subject. That is the leading characteristic of this novel: a simple, unaffected intention to be real. On the whole, the style is the least satisfactory feature of the story. The author is too much inclined (as Schopenhauer puts it) "to think in phrases"—the worn-out stock-phrases which may have been fresh centuries ago—instead of constructing his sentences word by word.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE LADY FROM NOWHERE.

BY FERGUS HUME.

The author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* again takes a murder as his theme. It occurs in a London suburb, the victim being an eccentric young lady who—to quote her landlady—"dined off a chop and potatoes, and dressed in silk and lace to eat them." Eyeing her room, with its violent yellow tone and gorgeous furniture, the detective Gebb rubs his hands: "By the sight of it, this is going to be a romantic case." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

A PURE CHILD-FACE.

BY E. S. PADMORE.

A didactic story in paper covers. The period is laid in the early days of Christianity, and the priest of the Sun has much to say. There are fairies and converts. The last sentence points the moral: "Better the Paradise of fools than the Gehenna of a sated soul." (Simpkin Marshall. 1s.)

WHILE THE LOTUS IS CLOSED.

BY MICHAEL GRANT.

A love-story with a background of wealth and titles and country life. The heroine "walked slowly across the lawn, the frou-frou of her skirts keeping time to the soft throb of the Blue Hungarian Band." (H. J. Drane. 3s. 6d.)

SHE STANDS ALONE.

BY MARK ASHTON.

The central character in this story is Pilate's wife, "the Maid of Athens," who is treated in her character of pleader for Christ during His trial before Pilate. The story may be said to be written round the text "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man." Part of the novel is laid in Britain. "The great Julius has maligned Britain," she observed. "... 'It is not nearly so savage a country as I anticipated, and as to the barbarous natives who gave him such a rough reception, where are they hidden, centurion?'" (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE KINGDOM OF A
HEART.

BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

A love-story of great length and many incidents, in which two sisters are the heroines. Tragedy, intrigues, secrets, and mistakes pass away. Then "Rachel's old audacious look danced in her eyes," and Anne "will be an ideal Rector's wife." The story ends on baby-socks: "Baby likes the pink ones best." (Routledge. 6s.)

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Made Writing.

Travellers for Ever is the title borne by a dainty little book of "fantasies and sketches" written by Mr. L. Cope Cornford, and just published by Mr. Nutt. Mr. Cornford has recently written a very creditable study of the life and achievement of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is evident that he owes something of his style and vocabulary to Stevenson, something also of these to Mr. Henley; but we do not wish to make a point of this. The point we are led to make—after reading these essays not once, nor twice, but several times—is that Mr. Cornford is very typical of a multitude of young writers to whom a St. Paul, in the dawn of a new century, might say in gentle but convincing tones: "I perceive that in all things ye are too styleful." Paul would say "styleful"—unpleasing word—because it would carry his meaning. He would not say: "I perceive that in all things ye are too careful of style"; that is impossible in young writers. Style in excess is the evil—style conceived as the root instead of the flower. The fault, no doubt, leans to virtue's side; but just now it frequently is found leaning at an angle that demands correction. It does so in Mr. Cornford's essays.

Mr. Cornford's theme is the open road, that leads from cities into the fields and woods. It is a theme on which every man has leave to write, the condition is that he shall write well. In the limited sense that he writes carefully, and with a curious search for fit and musical words, Mr. Cornford does write well. It is, indeed, "evidently manifest," to use a phrase of his own, that Mr. Cornford has spent whole afternoons in making and pruning his style. Yet by his style—we are sorry to say—he is condemned. Everywhere it suggests things read, rather than things seen or felt. It is curious that in seven essays eulogising the country he hardly ever names a tree, bird, or plant. He writes—as might any of the "horde of sedentary persons" with whom he peoples London—of "fir-woods," "old-grown woods," "shores alive with wild fowl," "bird-voices," "pollarded willows," "leviathan beeches," and "virginal birches." Once he names the hollow clapper of the cuckoo—a phrase that could be learned from a cuckoo-clock—but when "a bird in the thicket flutes a solo," we are not told what bird; and the "strange broken speech of the wild fowl, that sometimes sounds like words," is attributed to no species. Indeed, definiteness is the last quality of these polished but periphrastic essays. Landscapes are lost in adjective and metaphor. Thus:

All the eastern sky is glowing amber; westward, riding high, the moon stares from the empyrean of cold azure washed with silver, a disc of polished brass. Wreaths of mist fill the valleys, like fleeces of carded wool. The far, lustrous clarion of chanticleer rings through the hushed expectancy. The east burns redder, melting into the blue, paling the brassy moon. The icy air grows warmer, and breathes an odour of grass and flowers. A grey continent of cloud, leaning from the western sky, flashes here and there with igneous flakes of red, and, yawning into cavernous deeps, slowly breaks in pieces, and drifts, red-

dening towards the misty hills that rise beyond the creaming valleys and the hanging woods. The east burns into fiery rose; a tiny wreath of cloud floating above a black mass of foliage changes hue and shape, and floats away, still changing.

We are afraid that the impression floats away too. We quote another passage:

Out of the city the wayfarer follows the road; the road which runs up sheer into the lifting sky and leaps the hill, and, winding through shaughs and blowing meadows, leads past ancient churches grey with lichen and over shining water, trending always to the sea. Across the azure bloom of the summer champaign sweep vast shadows chasing gleams of silver light, until the sun goes down into his country of the sunset beyond the purple hills. Down the road, to the music of beating hoofs and tinkling bells, roll the harvest wains loaded high with wealth of sheaves; follows, heavy with toil, the train of bronzed labourers. Upon a dark bank, high above the road, stands a peasant woman holding a child in her arms, encircled and magically illumined by the western radiance.

This is Nature seen in engravings. The style cries for substance, for personality—all that makes style a virtue. To call the country alluring is not to make it so. You may write of "the jolly wind," "ribbons of running water," the "haunting, eager wind," and the "amorous bravery of the spring"; you may swear that the land "smells of fairies," and point to "the long silhouette of a town rising beyond the golden pastures of a lucent sky"; you may distinguish the colour of the sea as "lilac," and declare that old beeches are "writhen like fossil serpents"; you may speak of "a gaudy chime of bells"; and you may set these phrases in shapely sentences and paragraphs—still it may be naught. For to communicate only words, not things, or to communicate more words than substance, is to fail. Style is not the art of finding beautiful words and arranging them well; it is the art of fitting words to things, and arranging both well. Many pitfalls await the young author who thinks of words before things. He borrows unusual words from one model, or a few models, and the result is that in trying to bejewel his vocabulary he narrows it. Mr. Cornford uses words like "scanted," "brash," "hebetude," "wried," "immobile," "purview," "writhen," "ceiled," "scission" and "lure" (as a noun). It is made a point by many young writers to bring such words into use. Against that we have little to say, provided the words are come by rightly. But a writer should not try to tickle his readers by a word which he has not by processes of thought truly made his own. What we notice in Mr. Cornford's book is that the presence of unusual words does not give him a large vocabulary. His repetitions are many. On one page he writes: "You shall hear the tramp of ancient armies ring upon the ribs of earth"; on another, "the weapon digged from the adamant ribs of earth." A "white plume of smoke" is emitted, on p. 24, by a railway train, and on p. 36 a "level plume of smoke" floats from an outward-bound steamer. On p. 32 we have the "valiant sun," on p. 63 the "valiant stars." On p. 24 "the lustrous clarion of chanticleer shatters the stillness"; and on p. 50 "the far lustrous clarion of chanticleer rings through the hushed expectancy." Twice or thrice is the sky "lucent," and twice we have "the myriad wheels of circumstance." These repetitions, occurring in about fifty small pages, betray the dominance of words over things, and the dominance of a model over words. And here it may be said that the writer who takes Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Henley as his master makes a cardinal error: instead of contemplating these, who are two, he should study their models, who are many. Instead of imitating their writing, he should emulate their reading.

Nothing wearies like the excess of style over matter. For in such cases the disproportion is not all: the matter is sure to want quality as well as quantity. The thought seems caught out of the air. It is delicately worded, but

it is of no account. It is pretty, but it is not true. Mr. Cornford will have it that the lovers of the open road are elect. He draws tenebrous pictures of city life, of the town's "poisonous wilderness," its "sour gloom," and of the multitude who "cut their staves into shopmen's yards, and settle down to fatten peaceably in villas." He sees nothing between "the immemorial, elemental life of man, and civilisation's buckram parody." The "horrible shrill city" is to be flown. The town-dweller is admonished thus:

You read, vaguely, in the newspapers of the Army and the Navy, the Colonies, and the Agricultural Interest, it is true; nevertheless, you shall come to believe in time that the District Railway circumscribes the habitable world; and you go contentedly to and fro, like tame pheasants in a ring-fence preserve. But the drop of savage blood still throbs in some of you; and, although Esau may compromise with Jacob (for substantial reasons), he still refuses ultimate alliance with his smooth-faced kinsmen in the black coat and varnished boots.

This is what we may term "made" writing. It answers to no large essential facts. Need we point out that the wearer of varnished boots is no tame town pheasant, but a shooter of pheasants. Need we point out that the desire to see the country, and at last to live in the country, is the ruling passion of Londoners. What is suburban life but a tribute to the country? Every London suburb is a leaf straining to the light. Has Mr. Cornford seen a chrysanthemum show at the People's Palace? Has he attended a bulb auction in Poultry? or met the Spring in the Strand? A writer is not obliged to write all truths about his subject, but he must have a saving sense of them. And nothing obscures that sense more than a predominance of the wish to write over the wish to think.

We have examined Mr. Cornford's book with unusual keenness because we believe that he means to challenge criticism on his style, and because that style seems to afford a good object of inquiry at the present time. If it had fewer virtues we should have found fewer faults. Mr. Cornford has acquired a great deal of craftsmanship: his sentences as sentences, and his paragraphs as paragraphs, are very well turned; he has the taste for words. But —

How Long Should Copyright Last?

Mr. Bernard Shaw's Views.

In our issue of December 2 we printed a number of replies which we had received from authors to the questions: Is Perpetual Copyright in books desirable? and, If not, how long should Copyright last?

To these questions Mr. Bernard Shaw replied as follows:

The proposal of perpetual copyright is a piece of rapacious impudence. Would it benefit anybody if the heirs of John Bunyan were now wallowing idly in royalties on *The Pilgrim's Progress* instead of working honestly for their living?

Considering that an inventor who enriches the world is granted patent rights for fourteen years only, it is not clear why an author, who possibly debauches it, should get from thirty to over one hundred years' copyright. The present term is too long, except in a very few special cases, for which extension should be granted on application to the courts. If the descendants of authors want copyrights, they can earn them by writing books.

In our issue of last week we printed the views of Mr. Herbert Thring, secretary of the Society of Authors, who concluded his remarks as follows:

It appears to me extraordinary that none of your contributors have taken into account the fact that neither the public nor the author's descendants reap the benefit, but the publishers.

Do I understand that it is the general opinion of literary men that the profits arising from the judicious administration of literary property should belong to the publisher, rather than the author's representative or the public?

Mr. Shaw now sends us the following rejoinder:

"Mr. Herbert Thring is mistaken in concluding that the point he raises has escaped my consideration. What is of more importance, he is also mistaken in supposing that a publisher can make anything out of a copyright of which he has no monopoly. The entire works of Shakespeare can be purchased for sixpence less than Mr. Pinero's worst single play, because the publisher pays nothing for Shakespeare's work and can charge nothing for it. If he attempted to put a penny on to the price on Shakespeare's account his edition could instantly be undersold to that amount by his competitors, who have the same access to Shakespeare as he. I can take a copy of 'Hamlet' into a jobbing printer's to-morrow and get it reprinted as cheaply as I could an equal quantity of copy offering rewards for lost dogs. Dent may charge me eighteenpence for 'Hamlet,' Cassell threepence for it, and Dicks a penny; but what I pay them for is the design of the book, the printing, the paper, the binding, the size, the copyright illustrations, the editorial notes, not for Shakespeare. Him I get for nothing.

Mr. Thring, nevertheless, thinks that a copyright which has become common property by the expiration of its monopoly is not really a national possession. In a sense, he is right. The Englishman who never buys a copy of Shakespeare's works, never reads one, and never goes to the theatre, may contend that he has never got anything by his share of the national inheritance of Shakespeare's genius, and that the readers and playgoers have used that inheritance without sharing it with him. He may claim that the Government should levy a royalty on all copies sold, and apply the proceeds to the general benefit in relief of taxation or otherwise. Similarly a Londoner who never goes into Hyde Park may contend that, to enable him to share its benefits with those who do go into it, a charge should be made for admission, and the proceeds devoted to the reduction of London rates. Or a bedridden ratepayer might demand that the street should be made a turnpike, so that the actual users should pay an equivalent for the wear and tear of the pavement into a common fund for the benefit of the bedridden and the active alike.

The answer to these perfectly logical proposals is, first, that their adoption would be so exceedingly inconvenient and costly if carried out consistently in every department of life, that they would make society physically impossible, whereas the existing communistic methods work fairly well. And second, that it is not true that the actual first-hand users of an institution are the sole or chief beneficiaries. Take the case of the British Museum Library and Reading-room. Is it a place kept up by the nation for the benefit of the readers? No: as we authors and journalists and literary hacks know to our cost, it is a place which benefits the nation through the labour (often miserably underpaid, and largely gratuitous) of those who work there. Take again the case of railways. They benefit everybody, but only on condition that a certain number of people face the discomfort and risk of travelling by them. Hence, when other Socialists have advocated free railway travelling, I, better advised, have advocated payment of railway travellers, a juster and more popular reform.

Mr. Thring, then, need not fear that the copyrights which have lapsed into the common stock benefit only the publishers who make use of them. On the contrary, the real difficulty is to induce publishers to touch them and face the competition that follows success with them. They prefer the monopoly of copyright. When I was a boy the American publishers vied with each other in

bringing out editions of the latest works of our English novelists, who cried Thieves and Pirates with all their might. What was the result? The American public read all our leading works of fiction for a few cents, to their great benefit and to ours (since it was thus that they learnt to love literature); but the publishers were brought to the verge of ruin. To-day, when they ask me for new copyright matter, I tell them that a million words of my best writing lie at the disposal of every publisher in America; but they prefer to pay a royalty for a monopoly, and they are right. If we turn to the stage, we find that Sir Henry Irving, instead of pouring royalties into the pockets of Sardou, Pinero, Jones, and Grundy, has availed himself of the national property in Shakespeare. With what result? That he tells us that the non-copyright system has left him £100,000 to the bad. He is now glad to call in Sardou and pay him heavy royalties. It is a mistake to suppose that either publishers or managers profit by free books and plays. To them, monopoly is always worth the royalty it costs.

May I, in conclusion, say publicly what Mr. Thring knows privately: namely, that I am not one of those literary blacklegs who are not ashamed to earn a few disgraceful shillings by reviling the Authors' Society, and belittling the work which will make Sir Walter Besant famous, not as a mere author—that might happen to anybody—but as a great Trade Union secretary. Only, I have fought from the first against the clamour of the author for a perpetual literary property, and against the argument that if other men are allowed to quarter their descendants idly on the labour of future generations, why shouldn't we? Even if the claim were honest, and the argument worthy, what chance has either of acceptance in an age of increasing death duties, of jealous public limiting of concessions to electric lighting and tramway companies, of a general revolt of the public conscience against perpetual pensioners of all sorts? In this matter Sir Walter has the notions of 1860, and Mr. Lang those of 1870. It is now 1900—time for *my* ideas to have a turn. Mr. Nutt, I grant, is up to date: he faces the choice between the attitude of the Socialist and the attitude of the Struggle-for-Lifer, but does not give any reason why the Struggle-for-Lifers who are not authors should tax their posterity for the benefit of a seventeenth Duke of Besant or Marquis of Shaw. Perpetual copyright is an Alnaschar's dream, all the less worth troubling about in view of the fact that the copyrights most in need of help from the Society of Authors have a natural life—inextensible by any legal device whatever—of from twenty-four hours to eighteen months.

G. BERNARD SHAW."

Things Seen.

The Lower Criticism.

THE Beadle was a bland, elderly, sententious man, with a taste for wisdom, and a paternal interest in the shrubs and flowers of the Public Garden under his charge.

As my homeward route at the close of every working-day took me through his garden, a casual friendship grew up between us. We always exchanged greetings, which now and again expanded into conversation, as on one December evening when the trees stood out black and bare against the flying clouds. On that night the windows of the church at the corner of the garden were alight, and the frosty air was filled with melody.

"Choir practising, I suppose?"

The Beadle nodded, and tilted his bland face a couple of inches nearer the heavens. "It does one good to stand outside and hear them rolling the psalm to wintry skies," he said. "I don't go to church now. I've given up going to church. My wife goes to church, but women don't think the same way as men."

He was silent for a minute, gazing at the sky.

"Perhaps she's right," he continued; "but I don't see how a man can go to church if he doesn't believe the Bible's all true. Do you, sir?"

I gave a small, non-committal cough.

The singing ceased.

"Well, it's tea-time," he said; and as we paced along the asphalt path he inquired if I had seen the new Bible Dictionary. Without waiting for my answer, he continued: "It's a wonderful book. A gentleman, a great barrister living over there in the Inn, lent me the first volume. It goes from A to D, and plays havoc—great havoc, sir—with the Bible. It's queer reading for a Christian woman, so I keep it locked up, out of the way of my wife. It's no good upsetting one's womenfolk. They haven't got the same brains like us." He clutched my arm and lowered his bland face to mine: "'Tisn't only the Old Testament they play havoc with. There's a German professor says that the Star of Bethlehem shines only in the legend, and—and—his voice sank to a whisper—they don't even let St. Paul alone. But I must keep it from the missis. It don't do, sir, to upset women."

By this time we had reached the lodge. He pushed open the door, disclosing a bright room with the cloth laid for tea. In a low chair by the fire sat an old lady, with an open book upon her knees. She smiled upon her husband and greeted me pleasantly.

"I was getting anxious about you, William, dear."

"I've been having a bit of a talk with this gentleman," said William.

"And what have you been talking about?" asked the old lady.

William looked uncomfortable: "It's not the kind of talk that you would want to hear, Mary."

She glanced up quickly at her husband. There was such divination in the look—such a kind, reproachful comprehension shone on her wrinkled face—that I was moved to say: "Your husband has been regretting that he can no longer go to church because—because the higher criticism has made such havoc with the Bible that he can no longer accept its infallibility."

"Dear William!" said the old lady, and she took her husband's hand. "Dear William!"

She did not speak for a minute—she only looked at him, as one might look at a forgiven child.

"Dear William," she said, "I knew what was troubling you, and I knew that you was trying to spare me. Oh, William, 'tisn't what men have said or written that's given me peace all my days and happiness now that I'm an old woman. If every line of the Bible was proved to be false, if all the learned men in the world came to the door and told me I was an old goose, it wouldn't make no difference. Dear William, it's what I *know* that makes me happy and sure—so sure. Nobody can teach me, and nobody can take it away from me, William, dear." And then she read aloud this from the book upon her knee:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

All Real.

HE was a big man, and a veritable red-neck. Looking at him as he sat next me at the long counter of a London restaurant, I surmised thus:—An office in the City, a house at Crouch End, a wife and four children, a good deal of smoking and billiards, a good deal of sleep and tubbing. Yet this formidable Englishman had propped before him a well-thumbed copy of *Short Stories*, a penny weekly publication. While he was cutting his stewed steak and conveying it to his mouth his eye never left the frivolous page leaning against the water-jug.

The contradiction between the man whose back sloped away like a mountain side and the frail penny literature which interested him more than his food fascinated me. Long he munched and read, and long I was conscious of his tall silk hat tilted back, and his staring forward gaze at the paper. A colophon on the page showed that the story was ending. My curiosity was great. At last he started, summoned the waiter, and counted out his money. Meanwhile I was able by an effort to gather the conclusion of the story which had held him. This is what I read in difficult glances:

"On the Green Room couch lay Nanine; on one side stood Lord Borrodaile, Harold Methuen on the other. . . .

She opened her eyes. There bending over her stood her mother and Harold Methuen, hand in hand.

She raised herself. 'The cue, prompter; quick, the cue.'

Harold bent over. . . . 'I love you, I love you.'

She rubbed her eyes. 'Yes, cue, love.'

'I love you with all my heart.'

'Curtain, quick, curtain.'

'No, dearest, this . . . beginning of the act.'

She looked . . . dazed way, . . . recognition came.

'Not acting, . . . real, all real. Oh, I . . . happy now!'

Correspondence.

"E. H." and "Contemporary Style."

SIR,—Could you not bestow a New Year's boon on the majority of your readers by spiking "E. H.'s" gun, or taking away his breech-block, and so putting an end to his pedantic effusion on a subject already fairly well understood by many educated persons? He does not appear to note the difference between a report written against time and calculated to convey an idea of the situation to eager and anxious readers, and Count Tolstoy's MS.—which makes one long to be his typewriter!

Now if you could persuade "E. H." to send his lucubrations to the prisoners at Pretoria, history would be repeated, and no doubt the prisoners would be charmed. On May 2, 1818, Mr. William Cobbett wrote a dedication to his Grammar, of which the following is a portion:—"To Mr. Benbow, shoemaker, of Manchester. DEAR SIR,—When, in the month of August, 1817, you were shut up in an English Dungeon by order of Lord Sidmouth, without any of the rules or forms prescribed by law of the land; without having been confronted with your accusers; without having been informed of the charge against you; while you were thus suffering under the fangs of absolute power, I did myself the honour to address you, from this place, two Letters on *English Grammar*, and in those letters I stated to you my intention of publishing a book on that subject."

How delighted Mr. Benbow must have been! I am told a prisoner will read *anything*.

Well, in the course of Mr. Cobbett's work, he quotes startling errors from Dr. Johnson's writings in the *Rambler*. It is quite evident the Doctor either emended his writing till he forgot his subject, or else thought quicker than he could write. The majority of books are marred by stilted grammatical (?) sentences, which delight reviewers, but stop all *action*. Fancy you and I on the top of a fire-escape pausing to consider our Addison! "Get on, or let me," would be about our form; we should wait till afterwards to note the "lurid glow," and "the myriad, wind-swept sparks falling in showers like a labyrinthine firmament." May we never try. A happy new year.—I am, &c.,

EYRE HUSSEY.

Bromsberrow, Ledbury: Jan. 3, 1900.

[“Fancy you and I on the top of a fire-escape.” By *fancy* Mr. Hussey means imagine or suppose. In any case, the word is an active transitive verb, and should have governed the accusative.—E. H.]

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 15 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of one guinea for the best set of mottoes to be placed over the doors of (a) a dining-room, (b) a music-room, (c) a library, and (d) a bedroom. The mottoes were to be chosen from English authors and none were to exceed two lines in length.

A not unexpected feature of the mottoes sent to us is that almost every set contains at least one happy suggestion. Not a few sets contain three good mottoes but break down in the fourth.

The best complete set of mottoes comes from Mr. Burnell Payne, 78, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, W., to whom a cheque for one guinea has been sent. Mr. Payne's set is as follows:

DINING-ROOM.

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both." Shakespeare.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears." Shakespeare.

LIBRARY.

"Come and take choice of all my library." Shakespeare.

BED-ROOM.

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!" Coleridge.

Among other sets are these:

DINING-ROOM.

"Across the walnuts and the wine." Tennyson.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"The world is too much with us." Wordsworth.

LIBRARY.

"The rest is silence." Shakespeare.

BED-ROOM.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." The Bible.
G. D., Horley, Surrey.

DINING-ROOM.

"Be merry, masters, while ye may,
For men much quicker pass away." W. Morris.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began." Dryden.

LIBRARY.

"The assembled souls of all that men held wise." Leigh Hunt.

BED-ROOM.

"For worst and best
Right good is rest." William Morris.
M. A. C., Cambridge.

DINING-ROOM.

"Kissing don't last; cookery do." Meredith.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears." Shakespeare.

LIBRARY.

"Here are books, if we have brains to read them." Thomas Carlyle.

BED-ROOM.

"Let still Silence trew night watches keepe,
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne." Spenser.
E. U., Campden Hill, W.

DINING-ROOM.

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!" Shakespeare.

MUSIC-ROOM.

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know." R. Browning.

LIBRARY.

"O blessed Letters, that combine in one
All ages past, and make One live with All!" S. Daniel.

BED-ROOM.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." The Bible.
M. A. W., Watford.

Replies received also from: B. D., Newington Butts; G. E. B., Forest Gate; A. T., Reigate; N. F., Glasgow; E. B., Liverpool; A. E. C., Brighton; J. B., Edinburgh; W. B. K., London; A. E. T., Bristol; C. K., Dublin; Rev. R. F. McC., Whitby; J. A. C., South

Hackney; A. H. W., Westward Ho; A. M. J., Eccles; B. B., Birmingham; J. D. W., London; A. R. B., Malvern; D. M. L. S., London; L. P., Inverness; C. M. J., Hexham; C. J. P. C., Cambridge; M. C., Dorking; C. S., Brighton; J. R., Aberdeen; W. H. B., Plaistow; H. R. C., Egham; H. F. McD., London; S. T., London; W. J. F., Birmingham; E. L. C., Redhill; F. L., London; G. R., Aberdeen; J. B., Wimbledon; E. G. B., Liverpool; E. E., Malvern; H. W. F., Cork; G. E. M., London; H. D. R., London; E. H., Didsbury; G. S., Edinburgh; H. G. H., Whitby; A. H. C., Lee; A. U., London.

Prize Competition No. 16 (New Series).

THIS week we set our readers an exercise in ingenious versification. A little booklet, entitled *More Anagrams*, by "Some Minor Poets," just issued by Messrs. Spottiswoode, contains 100 examples of the application of the anagram to rhyme. For example:

My Muse, who often ——— to treat
Of trifles, now has persevered
To tell of him, whose fearless fleet
Once ——— the haughty Spaniard's beard.
By bold ———, in daring age,
Drake ——— his name on history's page.

And again:

Macbeth, by all his ——— forsaken,
Died fighting rather than be taken;
With less to fear and hopes more slight
Did ——— to the fight.

The first of these verses is completed by arranging the letters D-E-I-G-N-S in four ways to fill the four blanks. The verse then reads:

My Muse, who often *deigns* to treat
Of trifles, now has persevered
To tell of him, whose fearless fleet
Once *singed* the haughty Spaniard's beard.
By bold *design*, in daring age,
Drake *signed* his name on history's page.

Similarly, the second verse is completed by arranging the letters T-H-A-N-E-S as Thane, Athens, and hasten.

We offer a guinea for the best anagram-verse of this kind.

The subject of the verse must have a literary flavour.

The key-words must be supplied to us, and these should be written below the verse, not inserted in the blanks.

The pith and quality of the resulting anagram-verse will be our main consideration in awarding the prize.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 9. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 20 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received this week: J. D.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

POMPEII: ITS LIFE AND ART.

BY AUGUST MAU.

The present work is in no sense a translation of Herr Mau's earlier and numerous contributions to the subject. The plan of the book falls naturally into several divisions, the first of which recounts the early history of the city and its destruction. A large portion is devoted to a description of the excavations which have been made, and the various buildings, public and private, which have been uncovered. Ten full-page photographs, and more than two hundred "half-tone" engravings are provided, and the book is in all other ways handsomely equipped. (Macmillan. 25s. net.)

DARWIN AND DARWINISM.

BY P. Y. ALEXANDER.

A clearly written and manifestly sincere criticism of many of Darwin's positions. Mr. Alexander acknowledges "the master's" wonderful gifts of observation, but like some other

critics—distrusts his conclusions. Only certain lines of inquiry are opened in this book, of which the "argument" is stated very succinctly under eleven heads. The author's first point is to endeavour to show that the *Origin of Species*, in its main character, was superseded by the *Descent of Man*. The misuse of the word *instinct*, by Darwin and his disciples, is another of Mr. Alexander's themes. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson. 7s. 6d. net.)

PULPIT POINTS FROM LATEST LITERATURE.

BY J. F. B. TINLING.

"Illustrations are necessary to a preacher, and a large proportion of them should be fresh." Accordingly Mr. Tinling has made this collection of short extracts from the books of 1898, touching on all manner of pulpit topics, as: "Apathy," "Official Corruption," "Meeting Death," "A True Gentleman," "Marriage Without Love," "Night Refuges," &c. It is his hope to issue such a volume yearly. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

LIFE AND HAPPINESS.

BY AUGUSTE MAROT.

A practical unpretending little book of advice about the care of Body, Mind, and Soul, by one who, finding himself strong and happy, wishes to see his readers similarly blessed. This personal tone distinguishes the book from most budgets of advice. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

OSBERN

AND

URSYNE:

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

BY

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

PRESS NOTICES.

"The work before us reveals a sustained nobility of style And this short essay in dramatic verse can only add fresh proof of the fine catholicity of her genius."—OWEN SEAMAN, in the *Morning Post*, Nov., 1899.

"There is a play by John Oliver Hobbes in verse, which, solemn and pathetic as it is, is quite as admirable.....as her lighter prose."—*Scotsman*, July 3, 1899.

"This is a striking poetical play written partly in rhymed dialogue, partly in blank verse, and partly in prose.....There is real poetry in the play, and it has more than beauty enough to make it please any lover of poetry who takes it up."—*Scotsman*, Nov. 11, 1899.

"John Oliver Hobbes's new venture is a tragedy, and in some sense a strong one. It is good to read and might easily be adapted for the stage. It has the merit of concentration, and, if carefully mounted and skilfully acted, would produce powerful effects. Its plot is one which might have inspired Aeschylus or Shakespeare to produce a great play.....It is a powerful play, and is full of striking lines and passages. Whether it is put upon the stage or not, it may be said with truth that the author has achieved a success that has in it some of the elements of greatness."—*Glasgow Herald*, Nov. 11, 1899.

"Osbern and Ursyne, a drama in three acts in verse, seems to us very beautiful and melodious."—*Daily Chronicle*, June 30, 1899.

"In 'Osbern and Ursyne'.....the theme is dramatic, the handling imaginative and powerful."—WILLIAM ARCHER, in the *Daily Chronicle*, Nov., 1899.

"Written partly in blank and partly in rhymed verse, with an occasional subsidence into prose, 'Osbern and Ursyne' contains pretty passages and some striking ones.....One is stirred by the keynote of the drama—a love great enough to make a woman kill her beloved for his good, and a love great enough to enable a man to commit murder to save his sweetheart from a taint."—*Outlook*, Nov. 11, 1899.

"John Oliver Hobbes's blank verse Anglo-Saxon play, 'Osbern and Ursyne,' has.....subtlety. It is also lofty and poeticalIn reading it you cannot help feeling that she understands the principles of tragedy."—*Queen*, July 29, 1899.

"Mrs. Craigie's play.....both in bulk and literary merit is the most important contribution to the 'Anglo-Saxon.'"—*Standard*, June 30, 1899.

"The play is a very fine piece of dramatic literature, in which all the clearness of vision and insight into motive which crystallises into sparkling epigram in this author's novels, has been used to form poetic periods which are neither artificial nor unduly stilted. Some of the passages are almost Shakespearean, and will easily bear comparison with extracts from Rostand's 'Cyrano.' Considerable knowledge of stage technique is also manifest throughout, and it is evident that Mrs. Craigie has devoted considerable time and used the results of copious study in the construction of the play."—*Brooklyn Eagle*, Nov. 29, 1899.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London.

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